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THE CRUX

THIS week, next week, sometime soon, an Israel ship—or a foreign ship under charter to Israel and bound for Tel Aviv or Haifa—will drop its hook in the roads outside Port Suez. Its master will offer the Canal authorities payment of the proper dues, in an acceptably hard currency, and will claim the right of uninterrupted passage to Port Said and the Mediterranean. What happens then is anybody's guess—the everlasting question to which all the arguments of the last ten months have led with "insidious intent." For the British and French, though understandably angered by the sudden nationalisation of the Canal Company, never had much of a case against Nasser; and what little they had was destroyed by the overweening folly of Sir Anthony Eden and M. Mollet. But the Israelis have not only an almost unanswerable case; they have an intolerable grievance. They may reason with cogency that now, when Nasser has been forced by world opinion to reaffirm the doctrine of free passage, is the moment when they must force their problem upon the conscience and responsibility of the powers, if they are ever to secure their rights.

We are, in fact, approaching the real crisis of Suez. The story which ended last week with the British government's surrender to Nasser was the story of a false issue, an Anglo-French plot which allowed of only one dénouement. Now we are back where we have been since 1951, with Nasser proclaiming his defiance of the Security Council's rulings and Israel denied a passage from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean. Inevitably Israelis must feel that they cannot much longer evade the issue without allowing their case to go by default. The tough young Israeli generals have already demonstrated the contempt in which they hold Nasser's raggle-taggle army—for all its Russian tanks and aircraft; and, if an Israel test-ship is arrested or fired on, the pressure upon Ben-Gurion to authorise once more a use of force will be very, very great. We earnestly hope the Israelis will realise that, unconscionably wronged though they are, the redress of their grievance does not lie in force. It seemed a fine idea to M. Mollet and his cronies in the Elysées Palace last summer to see whether Israel could be used as the pretext for involving the Atlantic powers in hostilities with Nasser and so strengthening France in her colonial war against the Arabs. But the result turned the whole world against Israel and ended in failure. Israel would be wise to turn a deaf ear to provocative whispers from Paris. There is no reason to think that French intrigues have collapsed with the Mollet government; yet a reversion to force today could only increase the risks of last autumn and would be even more certainly doomed to failure.

Since the cease-fire, patient and skilful Israel diplomacy has gradually repaired the damage, until today there is a better understanding than ever before of Israel's case. This, rather than his army, is Ben-Gurion's greatest asset; and it is by diplomacy, not law, that Israel's rights must be secured.

There are many friendly advisers who counsel Israel to bring her complaint before the International Court. Should she do so, there are strong legal grounds for thinking that she would win. Nevertheless, we believe this counsel to be misguided. For all the Court could be asked to adjudge is whether, under international law (including the 1888 Convention), Egypt must facilitate passage of ships wearing the flag of a country with which she claims to be at war. The substance of that claim and of Israel's grievance—the issue of belligerence itself—is a political matter beyond the jurisdiction of the Court. It is the U.N. which must now decide whether it is prepared to permit one of its members, in defiance of a whole series of resolutions since 1949, to maintain a one-sided state of war against another. By recognising Israel as a state, and admitting her to membership, the U.N. implicitly affirmed her right to live at peace. By bowing to U.N. decisions after her own impermissible act of belligerence last autumn, Israel has acknowledged the supreme political authority of the U.N. and the obligation of a state, even when grievously wronged, to accept its rulings. If the U.N. now denies her justice, it will write its own death warrant.

Comments on the Week's News

Mollet Falls

After the longest run of any French premier since the war M. Mollet has come to the end of his tether. The defeat of his government on Tuesday night was due, primarily, to the refusal of assorted right-wing groups to vote the new taxes that M. Mollet demanded: these groups have been willing enough to approve of the Mollet policy in Algeria, but, as has happened before, they have balked at paying the bill for a policy they have endorsed. M. Mollet may again be a candidate for the premiership, but it is improbable that he can find a new combination that the Assembly will approve. A successor to M. Mollet may ultimately be found from the Centre. One possibility is M. Pflimlin, the secretary of the M.R.P., who is rather more moderate than his predecessor, M. Bidault. A right-wing premier seems out of the question, if only because any government must depend upon Socialist and some Radical votes, and these are unlikely to go to a government resting on those groups responsible for the downfall of the Mollet administration. One reason advanced in Paris for the votes of right-wing deputies is the unwillingness of French oil and shipping interests to make sacrifices for the sake of "honour": they want to use the Suez Canal if others do, and they will look for a premier who will reverse M. Mollet's "gesture."

First Reactions

Labour's new pension plan has received a great deal of publicity, much of it favourable. Though the details of it are hard for non-specialists to grasp, the outline is simple and the press coverage will have ensured that most people are aware of what Labour intends. At the same time the government's own experts are at work trying to find a scheme of their own which can anticipate some of the main features of the Labour scheme—and Mr. Macleod has made a special trip to study Dr. Adenauer's modifications of a pension plan first suggested by the German Socialists. The line of Tory attack on the scheme has been revealed by Mr. Thorneycroft, who sounded the same dubious note as the City: the investment fund built up by the contributions will, he says, be used for piecemeal nationalisation, by buying into ordinary shares. The same point was made by the Life Offices' Association in their statement last Thursday. This is simply untrue. In fact, Mr. Crossman has already stated in terms that such shares will be bought solely as an investment and not as a means of controlling the firms whose shares are purchased. The real Tory objection to such purchases is that they would enable the Superannuation Fund to benefit from rising yields and capital values as national real income expands. Mr. Thorneycroft does not object when such gains accrue to private individuals or to such big investment companies as the Prudential: but it seems wrong to him that a state scheme should benefit in this way. The Life Offices' statement also falsifies the picture in two other respects. It condemns the scheme because it does not propose to build up a fund equal to its commitments, and because the contributions of younger workers will be used to support pensions of older people. The answer to these spurious objections had already been given in the pamphlet. Private schémes have to cover their commitments because they must guard against the chance that they may one day wind up. It can be assumed that the state will not wind up; and, secondly, in social accounts which deal with the transfer of real income, current payments are always met by current receipts. The state's accumulation of obligations against itself—which is what "funding" means in this context—is merely a book-keeping notion. The principle is already accepted in the transfers under national insurance. All this, of course, is a complicated concept. That is why the Tory Party will try to blind the electorate with dubious arithmetic.

Eleven Shillings-plus

The engineering unions were due to meet the employers as we went to press. But after Monday's meeting of the Confederation it seemed certain that a settlement of the engineering dispute would be reached on the offer of 11s—with an agreement to hold back a further wage claim for at least a year. This decision, reached after a six to five vote, is a victory for Mr. Carron, who first swung the A.E.U. vote to end the strike, and has since pressed for the higher but conditional offer by the employers. It reflects a deep division among the engineering unions—Mr. Hill and the leaders most concerned with shipbuilding are adamantly opposed to a similar settlement in their dispute—in which Mr. Frank Cousins and Mr. Carron find themselves on different sides. Mr. Cousins believes that, in negotiation, the unions could get a better offer than 8s 6d without strings, and that it would be wrong to accept the "wage-freeze" condition and then try, as the A.E.U. seems to intend, to get round it by putting in a demand for a shorter working-week as a substitute for a wage-claim this year. Mr. Carron, on the contrary, thinks that the unions can get the larger amount and then find ways of loosening the strings. This disagreement, which deepens the split started by the close vote on the ending of the strike, could well lead to a bitter struggle for the effective leadership of the "little T.U.C."

The Disarmament Stakes

While the delegates to the London disarmament talks thrash out with their governments how much they can safely concede, Marshal Bulganin has sent off to M. Mollet another of his polite warnings. Once again he objects to having nuclear weapons stored on European soil and points out how unpleasant it would be if they went off. The chief novelty is a pressing request for bilateral talks. But Bulganin seems concerned above all to drive home Russia's call for a suspension of tests—no bad point to make when Mr. Nehru, Mr. Bandaranaike, the crowds outside our Tokyo Embassy, and even the Bonn Bundestag are calling for the same thing—and when Russia has her own tests safely behind her. The outcry against Christmas Island will no doubt reach Lancaster House on Monday when the delegates meet again to try for a partial agreement. To Russia's demand the West at the moment retorts that tests cannot be suspended without inspection; the British proposal goes no further than having tests notified in advance. Russia in turn has not taken to Mr. Stassen's proposal that the nuclear powers should stop producing weapons without destroying existing stocks; this, she probably thinks, would freeze her in a position several lengths behind America. Finally, the delegates must sort out proposals for various demilitarised or mutual inspection zones. The "Eden plan" for a neutral zone in the middle of Germany, revived by Russia, has President Eisenhower's general blessing but has upset Dr. Adenauer, who wants it (if at all) linked with German reunification. On "open skies" and inspection on the ground, Russia and America have got as far as discussing which slices of each other's territory should be included.

Disorder in Indonesia

Against the background of martial law over most of the country, the Indonesian Prime Minister made his first parliamentary statement last week. He described conferences with military commanders in east Indonesia and in central Sumatra, where they have taken over the administration and suggested that martial law might be ended in three to six months. Out of a confusion of responsibility between government, army, National Council and civil administration, several features emerge. The army leadership of young, politically minded officers, remains loyal to President Sukarno, but most of them believe that the future of their country depends on co-operation with former vice-president Hatta. A recent conference of military administrators—reported by the Prime Minister to parliament, and endorsed by government—announced an anti-corruption drive. This allows the army to investigate the source of any private property suspected of having been illegally obtained. The second main objective of the army leadership is the increase of power in the regions, though they are careful to emphasise that this does not imply separatism. Meanwhile the financial situation in this rich country is gloomy and the suspension of imports until further notice will scarcely meet the crisis.

China Trade

The American delegate on the 15-nation China Trade Committee meeting in Paris this week has so far failed to impose American policy on trade with China. Under pressure from the China Lobby and with the forthcoming report on the Battle Act for controlling trade with Communist countries in mind, the Americans are willing to free the export of some goods to China only if others are added to the Soviet list. A French proposal to reduce the restrictions on trade with China to the level of the restrictions on trade with the rest of the Communist *bloc* was supported by most of the countries represented in Paris, and the French as well as the British delegates refused to withdraw it at America's request. Hence the present deadlock, which the Canadians are trying to break by a compromise proposal. If American resistance is not broken in Paris, Washington will be under pressure again next month, when the Japanese Prime Minister will ask for the relaxation of trading conditions with China. The British, French and Japanese delegates—and most of the others—in Paris have made no secret of their resentment that American politics, rather than any strategic considerations, should undermine their trade with China.

The Other Commonwealth Conference

Next Monday there assembles at Beatrice Webb House one of the most important Commonwealth conferences ever held. It is not Mr. Macmillan's but the Labour Party's; and the delegates are not the Prime Ministers of the older Dominions, but the representatives of Socialist and nationalist organisations in the whole Commonwealth—colonial as well as self-governing. Naturally some of the organisations represented are not Labour

parties. For example, the African Congresses of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland are sending delegates, although neither territory has yet developed a political system which would allow Socialist parties to emerge. One of the most important functions of the conference, therefore, is that organisations in the colonies which have contact with the Labour Party will be brought together, often for the first time, with Commonwealth Labour parties. The significance of the conference, however, is something more than the good will it is likely to generate or the agenda with which it will deal: it is the accolade which is, in effect, bestowed on the National Executive of the Labour Party as the centre of progressive thought on colonial policy. In the past much of this thinking has been done by individual groups of devoted M.P.s or in the Fabian Colonial Bureau, which has a long and most honourable record; but the Labour Party has at long last begun to accept its full responsibilities. The conference would do well to consider whether the machinery for maintaining contact between the various groups involved can be further improved. There are obvious difficulties and dangers in over-formalisation. Nevertheless it would be a most desirable development that the British Labour Party should enjoy the same status in colonial affairs and among Commonwealth Socialists that it already enjoys, through the Socialist International, among the Socialists of Europe; and it may be that the administrative and financial arrangements to this end can be improved without becoming cumbrous or financially prohibitive.

Agreement for Malaya

The London talks between the Malayans and the British government have ironed out the last differences between the parties over Malaya's constitution. A sensible compromise has apparently been reached on the one contested issue; and a good guess is that Commonwealth citizenship in Malaya will rule out the double right to vote in British as well as Malayan elections, at any rate for those born in the country after independence. Commonwealth citizenship will, however, confer certain reciprocal advantages. The stage is now set for the declaration of independence on August 31, followed by the signature of an Anglo-Malayan defence treaty. But the real testing time in Malaya will be the intervening months between now and the elections in 1959. Two imponderable forces have not yet made themselves electorally felt—the great mass of Malayan Chinese, who have either lacked the franchise or refrained from using it, and the Communists, predominantly Chinese, who are still outlawed. Whether the All-Races-Alliance will consolidate its present leadership and attract the support of the innumerable "fence sitters" in the Chinese population will depend on the energy and integrity of the government after the cheering accompanying *Merdeka* has died down. Not least important will be the Alliance's social and economic policies which—if they prove to be both enlightened and effective—will strengthen it for its eventual competition with Communism.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Moscow

Manning Up the Plan

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: The selection of personnel to administer the new Economic Councils is now in full swing. Though, as Krushchev pointed out in his interview with the *New York Times*, the reorganisation is at this stage taking place mainly at the top, there are probably as many as 40,000 appointments to be made to responsible executive posts, and to this figure must be added a host of technical, economic and scientific advisers. In short, this is the greatest opportunity the state has had to select its leading personnel on the principle of merit and qualification, irrespective of seniority. The fact that many of the new appointments will require the new administrators to leave Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev and some other large cities is often proving to be the decisive one in inducing middle-aged and elderly people to make way for younger ones—and that step is an easier one to take since the raising of superannuation pensions.

Though the term set by the Supreme Soviet for carrying out the reorganisation is surprisingly short (the law requires it to be carried out by July 1, 1957), some of the speeches made at the recent session revealed that party organisations must already have spent some time in laying their plans. The impression one has is that these plans were being drafted in detail while Krushchev was securing his majority in the Presidium and the Central Committee, and that far more ground had been covered in preparation than appeared when the theses were announced.

A representative of Kazakhstan, for instance, announced in early April that plans had been drawn up for limiting the new Economic Council to 400 or 450 persons. A Moldavian deputy revealed that the Economic Council in that republic would be in charge of 335 enterprises whose output was some three-quarters of the entire output of industry in Moldavia. There the reorganisation would mean a 40 per cent. reduction in administrative staff. The Baltic republics, too, seem to have gone far in planning the changes before the Supreme Soviet met.

One aspect of the reorganisation which remains to be worked out in detail is the exact relation between the new Economic Councils and those U.S.S.R. and republican ministries which have escaped the axe. In some cases these ministries owe their survival to the government's intention that continuity should be preserved during the period of change; in others it is due to local reluctance to see established bodies of experts broken up (that applies to the Oil Ministry in Azerbaijan); but there are several reasons for thinking that the life of most of the surviving ministries will be a short one. In the first place, the pressure from the reinforced State Planning Commission (Gosplan) to absorb surviving ministries and turn them into departments of its own organisation is likely to grow stronger as the planners feel their oats. In the second, the new law makes it quite plain that even the enterprises of surviving ministries will be subordinated to the local Economic Councils (this applies to factories of the defence industry). And finally, account must be taken of the powerful anti-ministerial current of opinion—the revelation of this was one of the most striking features of the Supreme Soviet session. The feeling was expressed that a civil servant who occupied a desk in a ministry became almost inevitably a "bureaucrat," capable of sending coals to the Kuzbas or of reconstructing the Baku oilfields in the forest around Moscow to save himself the trouble of visiting Azerbaijan.

It was the scientist P. L. Kapitsa who drew public attention to the fact that the disbandment of large centralised ministries might prove to be a not unmixed blessing. Those ministries, he pointed out, were large industrial amalgamations who had the power to set up their own research institutes. "We should not blind ourselves to the fact that in the division of industry in areas this advantage will largely be lost," and he called for new organisational forms to retain the advantage of centralised direction in the handling and practical application of new technological problems. Tracing the development of industrial scientific research through the specialised institutes to those embracing several fields of knowledge and working on integrated problems, Kapitsa proposes the setting up of what he called scientific mobile combat forces. "Parallel with the new existing thematic scientific research institutes and designing bureaux we should now begin to set up "problem" scientific-technical organisations on large and small scale. Each such organisation will engage in the solution of a definite urgent problem . . . it should not be regarded as a permanent institution, but as one set up for the solution of a given problem. . . . The chief difficulty will be the necessity to re-educate some of our scientific and engineering workers who usually strive for stability in the working of their scientific institutions and are afraid to break away from them. It is necessary to foster and stimulate in our scientists and in some foremost engineers a sense of mobility." Kapitsa seems to assume that such groups would work under the Engineering and Technical Committee, the new organisation envisaged by Krushchev.

Another important contribution to the discussion on the reorganisation, which is far from closed, came from the economist Ostrovityanov who made a strong plea that planners should have easier access to statistics. "Planned direction of the national economy is impossible without proper accounting, is unthinkable without statistics . . . scientific-research economic institutes and higher educational institutions should be given greater possibilities for studying state statistics. . . . Today our economists have received access to some statistical materials . . ." but, plainly, this leading economist is not satisfied that the policy of regarding statistics as closely concealed state secrets has been changed as much as events after Stalin's death seemed to promise.

Secrecy in another sphere of the national economy is under severe attack, too. There is a powerful movement among the workers to reduce radically the vast number of professional inspectors on the payroll of the Ministry of State Control and to replace them and their methods by bodies of unpaid public-spirited citizens whose functions will be to see that the state's economic life is being carried out efficiently and honestly. The feeling that workers have outgrown the need of petty tutelage is very strong. "We all very well realise that today it is impossible to work any longer in the old way, when a check-up assumed a somewhat secret nature," said one senior inspector in the Ukraine.

NEXT WEEK

Alger Hiss's Apologia
by R. H. S. Crossman

After Guy Mollet
by K. S. Karol

Dublin

The Get-together

A Special Correspondent writes: An Tóstal, being loosely translated from the Irish into English slang, means a "get-together." It is a country-wide festival taking place throughout this month that includes activities varying from the Gala Opening of the Royal Ballet Company in Dublin to a Children's Fancy Dress Competition in Castledermot.

A contemporary has recently pointed out the curious fact that the Lord Mayor of Dublin was away on a goodwill hooley in America for the official opening of the Festival last Sunday. Stranger still perhaps is the behaviour of the President of the Republic, Mr. Sean T. O'Kelly who, instead of giving a reception at Arus an t-Uachtarain (formerly Viceregal Lodge) for the two Dames and their ballet company, which might be expected if only on the grounds that one of them, Dame Ninette de Valois, is a Dubliner, chose instead on their opening night to attend an amateur theatrical event in a small provincial town. One citizen slyly suggested that the reason for this somewhat pointed abstention was that the Sadler's Wells Company had changed their style to "Royal."

Mr. Tim O'Driscoll, the newly appointed director of *An Bord Failte* (Irish equivalent of Intourist), in collusion with the board of *An Tóstal, Ltd.*, has done much to raise the five-year-old festival from a dismal display of damp flags and tatty street decorations to a serious occasion of Edinburgh stature. But what neither he nor anybody else can do, apparently, is to bring new creative work before the public.

The mantle of Bernard Shaw fell, it is said, on Mr. Denis Johnston; and his *The Old Lady Says "No!"* is being shown at the Gate Theatre by those two very considerable artists of the theatre, Micheál MacLiammoir and Hilton Edwards. Though possibly too esoteric for world appeal, it is a poetic and moving play—but it is over 20 years old. The new Irish film company, Four Provinces, has given Dublin the world premier of their first feature film, *The Rising of the Moon,* directed by the Irish-American John Ford: good old "troubled-times" stuff, but *The Rising of the Moon* was written by the late Lady Gregory, contemporary of W. B. Yeats. Incidentally, this film must have been a bit of a busman's holiday for the Irish film censor, an ex-Palestine policeman.

According to the *Irish Press* last April, "The fact must be faced that if the economic survival of this country depends on our exports, so does the economic survival of our writers." The writer of the article goes on to warn his fellow writers of the dangers of creating "an Ireland over-supplied with sex and savagery for the English market, and mawkishly masquerading in shillelaghs and shamrocks for the Americans." Nevertheless, Ireland is thick with literary and other artistic talent. How could it be otherwise in a country where a thousand word-intoxicated citizens are ready to cross pens at the drop of an aitch. Still, home-trade stuff for export, however good, is old hat, and it is only the expatriate who really achieves international standing. One can't, in this instance, quote Shaw and Joyce since they belonged to the Golden Age, but Sam Beckett and painter Louis Le Brocquy, are cases in point; and it took a good stretch in a British jail to get Brendan Behan to write a successful play. What is the formula?

That is one thing. What is really occupying the native mind, *Tóstal* or post-*Tóstal*, is the appointment of an alleged McCarthyite, Mr. Scott McLeod, as United States Ambassador to the Irish Republic. Opinions for and against him have been expressed as freely and as extensively as the new tax on porter will allow; but the nicest story, perhaps, is of the apocryphal conversation between the President of the United States and the Secretary of State. Asked by the President whether the Irish will like Mr. McLeod, the Secretary replies: "They're a hard lot to please. They didn't like the Black and Tans either, till they got used to them."

Westminster

Under the Dust Sheets

So, at last, the sacred cow is to be inspected. The Prime Minister has invited Lord Attlee and four other careful Privy Councillors to peep under the parliamentary dust-sheets and see what they can see. In due course they will report back to Mr. Macmillan and he will then decide whether it is necessary for other eyes to take a second and less formal look. If these surveys run true to form, someone in about 20 years will recommend that provision for swords should no longer be made in the members' cloak room. By that time every present member of the House of Commons, except apparently Mr. Emanuel Shinwell, will be bankrupt or in homes for the prematurely aged.

There are signs, however, that the proposed survey into the work and workings of parliament may be less leisurely and inconclusive than some of its predecessors. Since the war, some fairly rough customers have entered the House of Commons. There is, for example, Mr. Charles Pannell, who cannot understand why, in its own management, parliament should not provide a little of the democracy it seeks to pervade outside. There is Mr. Bob Mellish who, while fully understanding that it is difficult for any member to bring up a family on £7 a week, simply does not see why a small group of members should do all the morning Standing Committee work while others go off to supplement what remains of their parliamentary salary after expenses, by doing outside jobs in the mornings. There is the host of junior ministers who cannot understand why promotion should be accompanied by a loss of earnings. There are the senior ministers who, while understanding the need to attend parliament, direct their ministries and keep up with the flood tide of Cabinet papers, cannot understand why it is necessary to attend the annual dinners of every trade and professional association in the country.

So when Lord Attlee and his colleagues take their first peek, practically the whole House of Commons will be breathing down their necks. What will they find that they do not know already? Pay? They know already that anything from three-quarters to the whole of a private member's salary goes in expenses. Long hours? These are well known to members but not to the general public—except when the papers are short of news and play up an all-night sitting. Outside the House, it is assumed that members, if they attend at all, do not start work until half-past two in the afternoon. This is true of some but not of all. The Standing Committees, which vet each bill, line by line, and which do the detailed work of the House, meet on two or

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sometimes three mornings a week at half-past ten. During the last session, 474 members were summoned to serve on such committees. Of these, some did not turn up at all or attended only one. But many others attended as many as 66 times in the course of the session. Nor was that all. The Standing Committee which recently dealt with the Rents Bill met 29 times. In addition, the Labour members on the committee held some 15 private meetings to discuss policy. In addition, a few of them, led by Mr. Mitchison, held many more meetings to discuss and draft amendments. Still on top of that, some members of this committee were also members of Select Committees inquiring into government administration. When they had finished with this side of their work, finished their constituency correspondence and attended the meetings of official party subject-groups, they were free to listen to and take part in debates in the Chamber.

Again, all this is known to Lord Attlee and his colleagues. The real point is—what suggestions can they make to remedy it? They can, of course, suggest increasing pay to such an extent that members are freed from the necessity of earning a living outside. I wish them joy with this. But that would not solve the problem. They can recommend that ministers should be freed from the obligations both of unnecessary junketing and, through greater freedom in pairing, from *unnecessary* attendance at the House. Constituency parties could be invited to exempt their members from at least half the garden parties and quarterly general meetings to which they are at present summoned. But still the problem would remain.

Conservatives would solve it by drastically cutting down legislation. But a Labour Party, intent on changing society, cannot accept such a solution. Many of the changes it seeks can only be brought about by legislation. The only hope, therefore, seems to me to lie in devolution, even including separate parliaments for Wales and Scotland and regrouping local government into larger regions and giving these regions much more power so as to relieve the central parliament from some of the detail with which at present it is obsessed. There are dangers in this. Parliament must be able, despite greater local autonomy, to carry through a national policy; and individuals must have the right, at least as a last resort, of appeal to parliament on a whole range of subjects from the decisions of local bodies. But I do not think that the risk of decentralisation is as great as the risk we now face of being governed by men and women who, because of the overwhelming burden of work, are rapidly becoming incapable of thought.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

The Greatest State in Africa

NIGERIA is the home of half the citizens of the British colonial empire. This week their representatives sit down with the Colonial Secretary in London faced with the responsibility of planning the future of 32 million people. Until a few weeks ago there were doubts and uncertainty about Nigeria's immediate goal. While the peoples of the Western and Eastern Regions were firmly committed to dispensing with British rule, those of the North—more than half the total population—still held back, timorous from their lack of development and education. Now, however, there is no division. The leaders of all three regions and the federal House of Representatives have unanimously agreed that Nigeria should become an independent sovereign state in 1959. The constitutional conference, therefore, instead of deciding whether, will discuss how, independence shall be achieved.

This change has, of course, been emotionally influenced by the achievement of sovereignty in Ghana. But the Nigerian leaders are far too shrewd politicians to be driven simply by pride into taking this step so fateful for the whole African continent—when Nigeria becomes independent she will be by far the largest state in Africa. Dr. Azikiwe from the East, and Chief Awolowo from the West, have long been advocating independence for the Federation, though the latter in particular has been sympathetic towards the anxieties of the North. It is the conversion of the Sardauna of Sokoto, Prime Minister of the Northern Region, which has transformed the character of the conference. Nor is this the isolated gesture of a single politician, for he is supported, as he must be if his policy is to have any weight, by the Moslem Emirs of his region. This conversion is closely related to internal political pressures. One of the problems which the conference will have to discuss is whether the present regions are to be sub-divided to form a larger number of federal states. Very broadly, the present regions reflect the domicile of the three main Nigerian tribes, Ibo, Yoruba and Hausa. Yet Nigerian tribes are by no means homogeneous, and separatist movements have already begun. The North stands to lose most from fragmentation. At present it controls half the seats in the Federal House of Representatives. As the Northern Peoples' Congress, of which the Sardauna is leader, dominates the region, no federal government can be formed without its approval. Regional division, and particularly the formation of the much-canvassed "middle belt state" out of northern provinces, would inevitably destroy this control. The Northerners have, therefore, decided to risk the plunge into independence in the hope of entrenching their present boundaries. The two other regions are eagerly grasping this opportunity to secure their aim of federal independence, no doubt confident that the tenuous administration of the North will soon be exposed to their control once British authority is removed.

While the three regions have now agreed on the timetable for sovereignty, much negotiation still remains on the powers to be allocated between the federal centre and the regional perimeters. Dr. Awolowo, for instance, is anxious to see regional police forces established. The whole question of security, including the organisation of the armed forces, must be discussed. So must the public services and the treatment of expatriate officials. Nor are the regions unanimous on the allocation of revenues. So far the Western Region, up to now the wealthiest, has provided the largest proportion of federal payments, but these proportions are changing along with wealth, production and taxation. Then again, there is the issue of a federal franchise. Adult suffrage has been operated in both the Eastern and Western Regions, but in the North franchise is still confined to men, and most elections are indirect. This discussion is bound to raise the social conventions and vested political interests of the Moslem community.

Just as one of the complicating factors in the growth of Ghana was the position of the Trust Territory of Togoland, so Nigeria also has its similar problem in the Cameroons. No one can tell what the majority of the inhabitants of this territory desire. Some of them favour unity with Nigeria; others wish to join with the French Cameroons in a separate state. Ultimately, this will have to be settled at the U.N. Trusteeship Council.

Though there are so many matters of detail to be discussed in this Conference, it is a fact welcomed both here and in Nigeria that the central principle is agreed. There will shortly be the first federal Prime Minister, though the method of his election is yet to be settled. In all probability the present federal Minister of Transport, Malam Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, will become the first holder of this office, rather than one of the three better-known regional leaders. He will have a difficult task in reconciling the various personalities and political groupings of this huge nation. That public integrity which is essential to sound and principled political government has still to be firmly recognised; tribalism is still a dangerous divisive factor, weakening the sense of nationality; large sections of the community have still to be aroused from apathy. As a country, Nigeria is still pitifully poor. Its resources still to be explored, their use awaiting serious development. Whoever may be chosen as the first Nigerian Prime Minister, his task will be to redirect the energies and enthusiasm of emotional nationalism and forge a nation from the foundations now to be laid at the London talks.

Arthur Miller and the Index

IN the last year, it has seemed that the U.S. witch-hunt was petering out. McCarran was dead, McCarthy dying, and the lesser members of the inquisition were scratching around for material worth a headline. The day of the great melodramas was past, and the minor investigations still going on—into Communism in the New York newspaper world, for example, and about the issue of passports to suspected subversives—were third-rate road shows which could barely draw an audience. Though a great deal of harm had been done, reputations and careers wrecked, and controversy stifled, the hysteria was over.

Or so it seemed. Now some ask if the conviction of Otto Nathan and the trial of Arthur Miller are evidence that the witch-hunters are in full cry again. True, both cases are lamentable relics; both men were given passports, both refused to answer certain questions of the Un-American Activities Committee allegedly related to the issue of their passports, and both were indicted for their failure to answer But we believe these cases to be relics rather than auguries. Indeed, the fact that the Committee has been driven to such absurdities suggests that it is near the end of its tether. It has managed to convict Otto Nathan and, on a technicality, it may succeed in getting Arthur Miller sentenced. But ordinary people may well ask what these technicalities prove. Otto Nathan stated on oath, when he applied for his passport, that he had never been a Communist. As a matter of principle he refused to answer the same question before the Committee; and so, peevishly, it is hounding him to prison for refusing to repeat what is already on the record. Similarly, Arthur Miller declined to give the names of other writers at a meeting he attended in New York. The Committee's staff know what these names are. But Miller's refusal to give them proves that he is "unco-operative," and therefore he has to be harried for contempt.

For these reasons the Committee may well be making itself an object of contempt. It has spent large sums of money. Its counsel, Mr. Arens, has told the court which is trying Mr. Miller that it has a card-index with about 1,500,000 entries cross-referenced to the vast files, stuffed with informers' reports, hearsay and unsworn evidence, malicious gossip and irrelevancies. And this array of material now has to be marshalled—for what? To convict two men who, on principle, refused to give answers that were already known.

It is probable that the Committee is losing its grip, and that the men who have made political careers out of anti-Communism and witch-hunting are going to find that this rich seam has been worked out. (The more prescient prospectors have already struck pay dirt in the sex-crime-labour-racket country.) There are several reasons for this. The most important, perhaps, is that no one can now take the Communist Party of the United States seriously. Its former members are legion—about half a million people have passed through its ranks—but its nominal membership today is about 10,000 and its active members are no more than 5,000. To go on presenting this pathetic and deeply divided sect as a conspiracy to overthrow the U.S. government by force is ludicrous.

It could well be argued that the anti-Communist crusade prolonged the effective life of the party—just as cynics have long suggested that, but for the F.B.I. agents in key posts, the party organisation would have broken up for lack of organisers. While the witch-hunt was at its peak, certainly, the witch-hunters had a vested interest in exaggerating the importance and influence of the C.P. How else could they have lobbied through their appropriations and kept the press in a ferment? From the more sober studies of the antics of the C.P. from 1945 onwards, it is reasonable to conclude that the decline of the American Communist Party was due far more to its own passion for schisms and purges than to the persecution of its leaders and members. No C.P. ever treated liberal and left-wing opinion more shabbily. Its mishandling of the Wallace campaign was an object-lesson in incompetence; and its refusal to fight for civil rights for Trotskyists and other heretics made its own claims to civil liberty seem nauseatingly hypocritical. What is left of the party is now, after the 20th Congress and Hungary, hopelessly split between the Stalinists, the Centrists and the Revisionists. And the whole lot, utterly without influence or reputation, seems on its way to being forgotten in a back street in Chicago.

Yet its virtual disappearance draws attention to one crucial facet of the witch-hunt—and one that the Miller case raises very sharply. The aim of the inquisitors was political panic, not the protection of the United States against subversion and espionage—problems that were more than taken care of by the normal security agencies. That is why so much attention was paid to ex-Communists. It was not enough to investigate and indict card-holding members for overt acts: they were too few and, for the most part, too insignificant. To make a plausible case, to excite interest, the inquisition had to reach back into the past—to the days when there were 90,000 members, when a Communist could go to tea at the White House, when thousands of well-intentioned people gave money for Spain or helped organise the C.I.O. or did, through the agency of the C.P., jobs that no one else seemed able or willing to do. In this way, big names could be dredged up—from Hollywood, from government service, from the press and radio and literature. The theory of conspiracy could be made to look presentable, provided it was done retrospectively. That is why men and women who had long broken their connection with the C.P. were hauled up before committees and courts, and why no former member was safe from exposure unless he or she was willing to "co-operate" by turning informer. And for what reason? The desire of the Republican Party to discover a means of regaining power after 20 years in the wilderness. The worsening of the world situation after the war, and particularly the loss of China to the Communists, provided the setting: the rest was easy.

Now, as the demagogic shouting dies away, it is possible to hear saner voices discussing the problems of Communism and civil liberty. The Supreme Court has been moving towards a common-sense and liberal viewpoint on cases of this kind, and its recent decisions in two cases where lawyers were debarred because of past membership of the C.P. strike exactly the right note. Speaking for the Court, Mr. Justice Black pointed out that to have joined the C.P. in the depression or the period of the Popular Front did not automatically make a man "a questionable character": it could not be inferred that "he ever engaged in or abetted any unlawful or immoral activities, or even that he knew of or supported any actions of this nature." That is the end of "guilt by association." A man has a right to honest opinion—even to opinions that have become retrospectively unpopular. Whatever the personal fate of Arthur Miller, that right is being re-established in the U.S., and the vast card-index is slowly becoming waste-paper.

London Diary

Lord Goddard has done it again. His judgment in the *Newsweek* case showed that the judge himself can decide what constitutes contempt of court, and on whom he shall lay the onus of having committed it. He himself decides whether the penalty is prison or a fine, how long the imprisonment and how large the fine. From this judgment there is no appeal. Parliament, it seems to me, must deal at any rate with this last medieval survival. On Monday he made another astonishing decision about the responsibilities of a criminal who dies before the law can punish him. On May 17, 1952, a man convicted of receiving stolen property was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, ordered to pay a fine of £1,000 and told that he would have to do a further 16 months if the fine wasn't paid. Six months later he died in prison, without having paid anything. The Treasury then sued his widow for the money. It was admitted in Court that there was no precedent for this situation—for one thing, it is only since 1948 that it has been possible to fine as well as imprison for felony. But you might have thought that what is called "natural justice" would have come into it somewhere. It never got a footing. Lord Goddard directed that the man's estate must pay the fine in full. The action of the Treasury itself is disgusting. If the man had lived to serve his sentence the Treasury would not have got the money. The question whether the widow or anyone else was involved in the original crime was not raised, nor was it relevant. It is high time that parliament had a look at the criminal law and its administration as a whole.

* * *

In Hamburg recently I seized the chance of visiting two "camps"—both mildewed barracks—where homeless people are given shelter. A steady trickle of refugees still comes across the frontier and have somehow to be looked after. Only a very few, usually suspected of being spies, drift back again. The camps were profoundly depressing. In one such camp outside the town several refugee families were housed in each small room, and the conditions for older people and, above all, for children, were shocking. They were not as bad as they might be because there is plenty of work in Hamburg, and most of the men and some of the women were earning comparatively decent wages and had good hopes of moving into flats as these became available. Much worse was the institution in the Bundesstrasse inside Hamburg itself. Though this place contains some refugees from the East zone, it primarily resembles our old mixed workhouses: they are the last hole into which drunks, ne'er-do-wells and respectable unfortunates are lumped together. But the families are not divided according to sex, and those who are willing to work can find it. So frightful is the lack of accommodation that in the worst part of these barracks as many as 20 people, men, women, children and adolescents, sleep together in a single airless room entirely packed with bunks. From this depth of stench and brutishness one moves to an intermediate stage in which families, though still several to a room, are at least curtained off from each other with blankets, and on to a third stage where families with self-respecting habits have one small room to themselves. The council provides enough money for a good nursery school for 150 of the 600 young children. There are, I'm glad to say, people in the city hall who are profoundly troubled by this institution; one Social Democrat told me that if they got into power they hoped to abolish the whole place.

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This will not be done quickly or easily, and in the meantime I was glad to hear that the British organisation called International Help for Children is providing annual holidays in England for at least a few of the children, without worrying whether they are technically "refugees" or not. It costs about £15 to bring each child over; they come in groups of 25 with an adult leader of their own nationality, who serves as an interpreter and who keeps in regular touch with the English people who look after them when they are here. There are always generous foster-homes waiting for them in this country; the I.H.C.'s problem is lack of funds. I talked to one father and mother whose child was now in England; they were delighted that one of their children was being given such a free holiday. I also asked the people concerned in the matter over there about the effect of bringing children here. They had no doubts that the physical effect was wonderful; they go back to this slum rosy-cheeked and bursting with health. About the psychological effects there was a difference of opinion. The children are naturally discontented with their barrack life. So much so that one official said that he was in favour of their coming to an open-air camp over here, but not to their going to comfortable homes where they got, for a couple of months, an experience of a freedom and comfort which totally unfits them for life in a place like the Bundestrasse. International Help for Children, on the other hand, and some of its helpers in Germany, declared that this disgust and discontent have the excellent result of making the children determined to change things. You can tell at once, they say, from the very appearance of a cubicle and the attitude of the parents, that one member at least of the family has insisted on bringing order, decency and even beauty into their surroundings, from which they jolly well intend soon to escape.

Somewhere on the edge of what was then regarded as old age, Lord Palmerston surprised his hearers by admitting for the first time in his life that "he had a time of life." I got a similar surprise a few months ago when Bertrand Russell, 85 last week, remarked that he felt that he was getting on in years and ought, perhaps, to begin to consider more carefully than in the past how he should plan his work. Surely an altogether superb example of vitality to consider for the first time in one's eighties how to conserve one's energies and decide the order in which one would write one's future books! He would settle down in North Wales to give himself time to do a little thinking. . . . That, of course, has not prevented his coming to London to take a brilliant part in Brains Trust, nor did it stop him from paying a beautifully phrased tribute to Gilbert Murray, who, as he recalled, married a cousin of his 68 years ago.

* * *

I am delighted that Mary Scrutton, a classical scholar and for a year Gilbert Murray's secretary, agrees with me in repudiating the scholars who talk through their mortar-boards about the sentimentality of his versions of the great Greek tragedies. They forget that Murray was himself first of all a poet. His *Hippolytus; Bacchae* and *Medea*, read in conjunction with his *Euripides and His Age* and *Five Stages of Greek Religion* were to me the very buds of thought. So was his *Aristophanes and the War Party*, a lecture in which Cleon was really Lloyd George and the League of Nations the only way of preventing Athens and Sparta, or, if you prefer, England and Germany, destroying civilisation. In the days of waning hope before the last war he wrote in this journal a series of funny, strictly anonymous, rags on non-intervention in Spain, the League of Nations and other examples of diplomatic futility. One of the things I valued most about him was that he maintained his rationalism. Murray, thank goodness, did not get softer or more gentle to irrational beliefs as he got older.

* * *

The death of McCarthy has brought to mind a recent incident in Holland. Dr. Wiessing, a Socialist fighter of the old school, discovered an ingenious way of recalling his fellow Dutchmen to their old traditions. The Dutch P.E.N., outraged by the Hungarian massacre, decided to expel all Communists from its ranks and demanded that each of its 270 members should sign a declaration condemning U.S.S.R. action in Hungary on pain of expulsion from the club. Though I don't suppose that any of them approved Soviet action, many objected to being asked to sign. Only two, Dr. Wiessing and another, were expelled. Dr. Wiessing then wrote to Senator McCarthy, asking for his views of the P.E.N. action. He soon received a warm reply from the Senator and a copy of his book *McCarthyism, the fight for America*. Dr. Wiessing forwarded a copy of the letter to the Board of the P.E.N. with a covering note, saying "You have already—albeit in a small way—acted in the way McCarthy does, but you might perhaps be lacking in theoretical basic knowledge. I take it that your President would grasp at the opportunity for deeper study of the Doctrine."

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Over the week-end I had been reading the new life of A. E. Housman, by George L. Watson. Coming into the office on Monday, I found in my post a small pamphlet in grey paper covers, from Pakistan, called *The Magic of Numbers*, "to be had at the Bombay Bakery, Hyderabad, Sind." It's the kind of pamphlet that makes me feel sad and rather guilty, for it has come such a long way only to be put aside. The least I could do was to turn a few pages: but at the dedication I stopped. There was a photograph, and there, high-collared, military-moustached, steady-eyed, was a face which I had met for the first time the day before, in Mr. Watson's book. "With Reverence," the legend ran, "to Dr. M. J. Jackson"—Jackson, the friend who could not return Housman's devotion, who left his colleague in the Patent Office to make poetry of his grief, and went off to be Principal of the Sind College.

> To put the world between us
> We parted, stiff and dry;
> "Good-bye," said you, "forget me."
> "I will, no fear," said I.

Of course, Housman never did. And here now is the record of another devotion that Jackson inspired, a devotion still so real that Utimchand Gangaram, the author of this "leisure-hour booklet" of mathematical puzzles, priced at Rupees 2, Annas 3, offers it "To Pupils of Dr. Jackson, Free, If Received at the Bakery."

CRITIC

Thoughts on the Twenty-Third Psalm

"This weapon is our defence, our security, our staff and our rod" (*Daily Express* leader on the H-Bomb).

Some pious Christians may read with qualms
  This breezy reference to your staff and rod—
From my own recollection of the psalms
  Hadn't the staff something to do with God?
But since you parody the Twenty-Third
I am content to take you at your word.

"The valley of the shadow"— that's the verse—
  You "fear no evil" when your bombs descend;
Your love of quoting Scripture makes it worse
  That you pervert it to so foul an end.
Why must we have such sanctimonious slime
To smear with humbug each audacious crime?

The thaumaturge had but his soul to sell—
  Mad politicians sell the whole creation;
Faustus raised Helen—*they* are raising Hell
  To plunge a planet in their own damnation.
Faust knew what he was doing—more or less—
This gruesome gambit is a clumsy guess.

Doomed men may yet take pride in how they die—
  What pride is ours in suicidal gambles?
And in what Gadarene, half-human sty
  Do ghouls proclaim this Gospel of the Shambles?
I, too, can twist a text—the Race of Man,
About to die, salutes you . . . *Caliban.*

REGINALD REYNOLDS

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

I am amazed that prayers should have been said for the Cranford murderer. We shall next be praying for the people who are plotting to drop H-bombs on us. What is the world coming to?—Letter in *Birmingham Post*. (M. D. French.)

In September 1938, despite much advice to the contrary, I was convinced that it was right to start *Picture Post*. Today, although *Picture Post* remains the unchallenged leader in its field, I am equally convinced that it should cease publication. —Sir Edward Hulton reported in *World's Press News*. (Desmond V. Rushton.)

The Third Programme was last published in the *Mirror* on February 16. From our 14,750,000 readers we had only ONE letter protesting against dropping the programme.—*Daily Mirror*. (H. W. Dakeyne.)

I have been married six years, and I cannot remember once having a conversation with my husband at breakfast. He sits silent, reading the paper. My pet dog is better company for me at breakfast.—Letter in *Daily Mirror*. (U. Rubab.)

Ninety per cent of housewives buy bread for its flavour. Only the cranks ask about the vitamins and they've usually got long hair straggling down their shoulders and are as thin as rakes.—Report in *Daily Express*. (R. Albert.)

Ending Eleven-Plus

The author of this controversial article is Lecturer in Education in the University of Leicester.

FOR a dozen years now, its eyes fixed on the far horizon of orthodox comprehensive schools (11-18), the Labour movement has grilled Ministers of Education (including its own) and officers of local education authorities who upheld selection at 11 for grammar, technical and modern schools. A noble effort by Miss Alice Bacon and others to bring the party's education policy down to earth at Margate in 1953 was defeated in a fog of ignorance thicker than any Channel pea-souper. Nearly a year ago, in my book *Comprehensive Education: A New Approach*, I expressed some minority ideas when I suggested an early transition to comprehensive education by the "end-on" arrangement of modern and grammar schools; and this quite simple solution has attracted an enormous amount of public interest and support.

The climate is indeed changing. We have recently seen the scales fall from the eyes of the Ministry of Education, and no less a person than its Parliamentary Secretary—a Conservative junior minister, be it noted—now deplores the "evil effect" of 10-plus selection, saying that it "casts a shadow over the classroom." A non-Socialist council (Leicestershire) adopts this new policy; and Sir Edward Boyle welcomes it with enthusiasm.

Now all this is most heartening to educationists. The ironical feature, however, is that while the Labour Party, stripped and shivering, have sat on Jordan's bank and "feared to launch away," their opponents have nipped in and stolen their clothes. It was unnecessary for Labour to dream of the comprehensive heaven on the other side: a very happy earthly solution lay here, ready to hand. But all is not lost. A Labour government will probably have a vital decade (1960-70) in which to build a new order in education. Let us hope that its vision matches its great opportunity.

I need not here recapitulate all the arguments

in support of my plan for developing modern and grammar schools as successive links in a comprehensive chain. Let me only say briefly that it will make 10-plus selection unnecessary and can be widely applied within the next four years; that modern schools of moderate size (200-600), each serving its own neighbourhood, will provide a general secondary education for all up to the end of compulsory schooling or thereabouts; that all the willing and worthy pupils will be able to go forward, without restriction of any kind, to grammar-technical schools offering a wide range of courses to meet the very varied needs which exist among any group of maturing adolescents. Thereby we shall use not only our material resources but our human resources (pupils and teachers) to the full, eliminate waste and frustration, and take a giant stride towards the achievement of national prosperity and individual happiness.

If we accept the main policy (and I think there is no real alternative) the crucial point of detail is the age at which transfer should be made from modern to grammar-technical schools: that is, from general to more specialised studies. Croydon proposed 16; Leicestershire has plumped for 14; no local authority has yet decided in favour of the most obvious point—the end of compulsory schooling at 15.

Briefly, the pros and cons are these. Transfer at 16 fits best into the present pattern of secondary schooling, allowing all modern schools and the smaller grammar schools to give an uninterrupted secondary education up to the ordinary level of the G.C.E. The bigger grammar schools, already doing a lot of sixth-form work, would (bearing in mind the great increase in older pupils to be expected later, and the need for space and reasonably small classes at that stage) become comprehensive colleges for students aged 15 or 16 to 19. (Some who take G.C.E. ordinary level at 15 would move on then.) Moreover this arrangement would not be affected by the raising of the leaving age to 16. The chief drawback is the resistance which would come from the smaller grammar schools (about half the total number) who would lose their sixth-form work.

A break at 15, such as is planned in Sweden, avoids this last objection: almost all the grammar and technical schools would be required for the education of the willing and worthy pupils who decided to go forward. The full social and intellectual life of this more mature community would attract many early leavers who now resent what seems a tedious prolongation of normal school life. The difficulty here is that, contrary to the original intention, G.C.E. is still thought of as a leaving certificate to be taken at 16. Though public school teachers often put their pupils (a year younger, too) through ordinary level after one year, grammar school teachers balk at the idea. A 15-19 organisation would, however, help people to realise that full benefit from a grammar-technical course can only be gained by those who stay to about 18, and take G.C.E. in appropriate subjects at advanced or ordinary level, as required, at that point.

The break at 14 gives two clear years before G.C.E. is now commonly taken, at 16, and has the attraction for grammar school heads of an age-range similar to that of the public schools. But this reassurance is gained at the expense of the modern schools, whose best pupils will stay for only three years, and who will therefore be left with the least able and interested pupils dominating the school in their last year. Moreover, the Leicestershire version depends on parents' giving an undertaking, two years or more in advance, that they will keep their children at the grammar school at least until 16. My information is that such an undertaking, even if it can be required (which is not certain), cannot be enforced. Moreover, it may keep out some working-class children whose parents are unwilling to commit themselves so far in advance: the grammar school would then become even more of a middle-class preserve than the researches of Floud, Halsey and Martin have shown it to be already. However, I do not think that these difficulties (though they must be faced in planning a national system of education) will in practice be very great, so long as the leaving age stays at 15.

But the 1944 Education Act says that, as soon as he is satisfied that it has become practicable, the minister must take steps to raise the minimum leaving age to 16. After 1961, when the bulge is moving out of the secondary schools (and assuming our resources have not been crippled, as at present seems likely, by a big reduction of the number of teachers in training), it *will* be practicable. What then happens to our overlap, now covering the ages 14 to 16, between modern and grammar schools?

I do not think this would commonly be regarded as an efficient or tolerable arrangement. Both types of school would have to provide non-academic courses for pupils of similar age, ability and aptitude; nor would an extension of the parents' undertaking to 17 be likely to command Labour support. So we must envisage one of two major courses to be adopted by the mid-Sixties: either transfer from modern to grammar schools at 15 and/or 16; or a new Education Act substituting three stages of schooling for the four (infant, junior, modern and grammar-technical) which this policy otherwise necessitates. The three stages would be:

(1) Junior Schools (three to nine years old, with voluntary attendance to five), in the present primary school buildings.

(2) Middle Schools (nine to 14), in modern school buildings.

(3) High Schools (14 to 19, with compulsory attendance to 16): the present selective and comprehensive secondary schools in a new form, each now comprehensive and offering a wide range of general and grammar-technical courses.

Looking further ahead, I am convinced that it is around these nuclei that we must provide, in each area, part-time education also for those over 16. This is not a theorist's dream: the association of full-time and part-time teen-age students is familiar in many colleges of further education; and for years it has worked well at Holyhead and a few similar schools. There are grammar and technical schools in the Midlands which already arrange for their sixth formers to have direct contact with industry. The time is not far distant when all up to 18 will come under full-time educational guidance—whether their activities are four-fifths in college (or high school) and one-fifth in industry, or the reverse, or arranged for the need of particular individuals at some proportion in between.

The Labour movement has never lacked inspiration, particularly in matters social and educational. Before us is a prospect which demands—and which will reward—vision and courage of the highest order.

ROBIN PEDLEY

Gilbert Murray, O.M.

ANYONE who lives to be 90 runs a grave risk of dying out of date. In one way, of course, he is sure to, since his grandchildren, wise just after the event, have the illusion of having corrected him themselves, and often find his mistakes far quainter than later generations. But when we leave the question of vogue for that of value, when we try seriously to weigh a man's achievement, then too time may expose him. Because the crux is always, "Were his problems the real ones?" And sometimes the kaleidoscope has shifted to reveal the back of them and there they are, hollow, contrived and trivial. In this way the shock of the first war showed up, once and for all, the latent silliness of people like Herbert Spencer and the British Idealists, but did little damage, once the smoke had cleared away, to John Stuart Mill or Bishop Butler. In this way one can try to judge the career of Gilbert Murray.

Its brilliance, of course, is not in question. Here is a young Australian undergraduate who, after sweeping up all the classical prizes available at Oxford, becomes a professor at 23 (he told me once that he had always felt rather guilty about this, as it meant he had never had to struggle for a living). He then publishes numerous translations of Euripides, Aeschylus and Aristophanes which are instant best-sellers and create a rage for the whole subject, as well as writing several excellent popular books on Greek poetry and religion.

At this point it may be as well to deal with the discreet sniffs of the classical scholars, who point out, quite rightly, that Murray was not much of a textual critic. Since this is an age of specialisation in which a populariser and poet (let alone a politician) has little chance of becoming a trustworthy scholar, they conclude that he ought to have kept his mouth shut. This is a very inconsistent position. The more specialised we are, the more necessary does the populariser become. How are the right pupils and schoolmasters to be found without him? How is a classicist to be understood in general conversation? How is he even to educate himself in other subjects if they in their turn are too proud to explain themselves to him? My view is that in devoting himself to popularising his chosen subject, seeing that role not as an inferior one, but as a superb mission which demanded all his fire and genius, Gilbert Murray showed a far deeper sense than his critics of what was needed in an age of specialisation.

Of course it is true that when one can read the originals fluently, the populariser's version appears as a distortion. But then would one ever have got around to the originals without Murray? I shouldn't myself, and it seems to me possible that Murray's influence (deriving, of course, a good deal from Frazer and Jane Harrison before him) just about saved classical studies in England from extinction. For it intervened to suggest that Greek was a subject worth learning just at the moment when that language was ceasing to be universally driven in with the birch, when other subjects were becoming respectable alternatives to it and the notion of Modern Greats was in the air. It showed Greek, not as a pompous, public sort of language suitable for archdeacons composing funeral inscriptions, but as the lively, savage tongue of a real Mediterranean tribe who were often no better than they should be, but never stupid. It related Greek drama to holy communion and to the ritual dances of Hottentots, it compared the rationalism of Euripides with that of Shaw. It suggested, in short, that Greek civilisation did not stand or fall with Dr. Arnold's Rugby, but was an adult institution with plenty left to tell the 20th century, and the suggestion was widely accepted. Nor does it matter here

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that the flowery Wardour-Street style of the tragedy translations no longer reads well and fits in with any contemporary style of acting, nor that (as Murray himself remarked in his later years) Euripides is out of fashion too. In the first place, had Murray written in the style of the Nineteen-fifties he would hardly have been intelligible in 1910: in the second, what matters is the resolution to write a translation which does not proclaim in every line that it is a translation; that it is poetry, not doggerel. It was Murray who eliminated that dreadful stink of oil, who fathered by his act of faith the whole modern school of translators, in prose as well as verse, who try to write, not only slightly better than a depressed babu but absolutely well. Finally, the Aristophanes is still magnificent. I return, late and reluctantly, to his political career. Apart from innumerable minor good causes and learned societies which bred mouse-like in every cupboard in the house, I suppose his chief concerns were, in ascending order, women's suffrage (successful), liberalism (partly so, for it achieved a good deal), and international understanding (well . . .). I think there is no need to argue that the first two were sensible and important causes in their time, and of the third the worst thing we can say is that it has not been achieved. Gilbert Murray, one of the greatest architects of the League of Nations, bloodied his hands on the same rocks that still shut in the rest of us. The road which he and his friends tried to build did not break through them, though it showed various inlets. (Murray's Council for Education in World Citizenship, for example, though run on a shoestring, was the invaluable pioneer of Unesco.) It is sometimes said that the League failed because of the naive optimism of its sponsors. From what I saw of Murray and heard of the others I never could believe this. Gilbert Murray was nobody's fool; he knew what human nature is like. But he found that, while assuming that people might behave themselves provided a possible basis for action, assuming the contrary did not; and he liked action, not rhetoric. If his reasoning was mistaken, it remains for us to improve on it. It is in any case obvious that, had there been no League, we should have missed some valuable lessons, since neither would the League's mistakes exist to study, nor should we be here to profit by them.

It will be evident by now that one word is too often profaned for me to profane it; namely, humanism. To be a humanist these days can mean anything from disliking science to disliking Christianity; it is a word associated with so many petty feuds that I have hesitated so far to associate it with a man so large-minded and uncontentious as Murray. Yet it is the only word that links the two sides of his life. He fought to save human beings from war and oppression; he wrote to deploy the manifold and extraordinary riches of the human intellect; to enable it to shuttle to and fro freely over the centuries after its prey.

No, I do not think he has gone out of date.

MARY SCRUTTON

Fleet Street Notebook

THE crisis of Fleet Street has now moved on to the front pages of the newspapers themselves. It is about time. It would be even better if it would move on to the agendas of the N.P.A., the Newspaper Society, the Periodical Proprietors Association—and the printing trade unions—all 12, or is it 13 of them? The situation of the *Herald* and *News Chronicle*—still the subject of urgent explanatory talks between Odhams and the Daily News Trust—the death of *Picture Post*, last Friday's excellent debate in the House, rumours of forced mergers between some of the smaller weekly reviews, fears of early mortality in the Sunday press and the death rate in the provincial press—all these have contributed to make news of the most urgent kind.

It is in a sense a double crisis. There is the crisis of newspaper standards—the considerable public concern, to quote Mr. Anthony Kershaw's motion in the House, regarding some recent examples of newspaper reporting and "the need for a vigorous effort by the industry itself to maintain a high standard of conduct." And there is the crisis of newspaper economy to which later speakers in the debate drew particular attention. The first seems to me less serious than the second. I believe this debasement of standards can be over-exaggerated. Certainly anyone who cares to study the history of the press is likely to take a less excited view of it than is common in those austere circles where it is felt that all papers should be like *The Times*, the *Manchester Guardian*, or the *Daily Telegraph*. I admire all three. But God forbid there should be nothing else. As the Editor of the *Sunday Pictorial* very properly proclaimed on his front page last Sunday, a popular paper should be popular—and vulgar. It is the other crisis—the economic one that really matters. Unless it is checked we may soon find ourselves in a world in which only the giants can survive not only in the daily and Sunday press but in the periodical press also.

This crisis has some long roots. But it may currently be put down to five main causes. (1) The high cost of newsprint. (2) The high cost of other production costs including labour. (3) The increasing concentration of advertising on high income circulations at one end of the scale and on very large mass circulations at the other end. (4) The rigidity of much of the present system of distribution and the near monopoly in some important sectors of the distributive trade, and (5) the increasing competition of commercial television, especially for fringe advertising. It is the combination of these factors that is forcing the *Herald* and *News Chronicle* to examine the possibility of a marriage which offers no obvious chance of journalistic compatibility. It was this that forced *Picture Post* out of existence with a circulation of over 700,000. And it is this that is creating alarm in several Sunday, provincial and periodical offices.

The suggestion of a subsidy for newsprint was thrown up in the Commons debate. Since newsprint and the ink that goes on it accounts for some 40 to 45 per cent. of the costs of a large circulation national paper, since this percentage is rising with the new fierce competition in the number of pages and since the cost of newsprint is now just on six times what it was before the war, newsprint costs are obviously a key factor in the situation. Moreover the newsprint companies themselves talk in terms not of a reduction of price in the future but of a further increase. But it is difficult to see how a subsidy would operate except by a selective method—providing cheap subsidised newsprint for selected classes of papers—which would be difficult and might be dangerous. There was criticism in the House of the present "equalised" price. But this, it is only fair to say, is not controlled by the newsprint companies but by the Newsprint Supply Co. run by the newspaper industry itself, which operates what still remains of the war-time rationing scheme. However, it is not without significance that the biggest newspaper groups are themselves large investors in newsprint production so that they—although not their weaker brethren—gain on the roundabouts what they lose on the swings. As for production costs, which, excluding editorial costs but including printing wages, account for around 15 per cent. of the total costs of a national popular newspaper (and more of smaller circulation newspapers) although wages have gone up by roughly 170 per cent. since the war, more in some cases, it is not the increase in wage rates which cause the trouble—they are comparable with those in other industries—but what are widely claimed throughout the industry to be restrictive practices which lead to large and wasteful overstaffing. This is denied by the unions themselves but I find it impossible not to hold to the view that there is a strong case for review—not only from the point of view of keeping smaller newspapers alive but from that of the unions themselves. They are in danger of killing the geese that lay the golden eggs.

What has brought the crisis to a head is the recent intensification of the trend on the part of advertisers—or perhaps one should say the big advertising agents—to concentrate space-buying more and more on a few big circulation or quality readership newspapers and to spend more and more of what is then left of the budget on commercial television. This has faced the smaller nationals, daily and Sunday papers, the evening papers and provincials, with a cut in revenue so damaging that they find difficulty in existing under it. One provincial group, Provincial Newspapers, Ltd., which owns four evenings and eight weeklies, has attempted with some success to meet the situation by offering advertisements in a supplement inserted in each of its newspapers and able to offer a combined circulation of over 2,000,000. The experiment may be extended.

But the journalistic outlook as a whole is dark. It will grow darker unless all sections of the industry are prepared to get together to see what can be done to keep an adequate number of papers alive.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Chelsea, 1957

I HAD never before been to the Chelsea Flower Show. I had had a vision of mammoth massed vases, crammed with gladioli, roses, roses everywhere, and ample women with pink-apple cheeks selling violets before a background of cosy Edward German. When, in fact, I arrived at the Royal Hospital grounds, I first found booths full of agricultural machinery, insecticides and garden furniture. The Autogardener Rotary Cultivator, Tritox Systemic Insecticide. Electrical soil-warming equipment, tubular heating and propagating benches. Pic Pac, Restategе, Nestawile and Nestabairn chairs and folding tables. Screening in wattle, osier, chestnut and close boarding. Propaganda in connection with the Institution and the Country Home for Aged Gardeners and their Wives. Hard Tennis Courts. Flower vases and wall brackets made from tropical shells. This was too much like a conjuror explaining his tricks. Where were the flowers? I suddenly had a hunger for flowers. I had not looked into their faces for years. I asked a policeman. "Flowers?" he said, tipping his helmet, "but the bloody place is crammed with flowers. Just go to the main tent."

The main tent is the most enormous tent I have ever seen; about the size, in fact, of the

covering which must have gone over the Colosseum in ancient Rome. As you enter through one of the flaps, you are taken aback, quite stunned by the breath of flowers. There is a sort of symphony of smells, a miracle of long, slow chemistry and allurement. Then you see colour. Within the tent, crammed together at the whim of the exhibitors, they stampede in yellows and reds and blues and purples, and at their feet enormously serious men adjust turf and affix labels. *Hypocestes Phyllostachya. Odontoglossum Durrigh van Unique. Professor Hugo de Vries. Souvenir of Anthony Waterer.* Around the stands walk, very slowly, bent newspaper men, tall women with faded blue eyes, men with crumpled hats. These people are in the know. I am not. They are aware of the secret England behind the party riots, behind Christmas Island and Suez and Makarios.' They are deeply in touch with the trowel, the weeder, the fungicide and the lovely miracle of the *Daybreak* azalea.

Bit by bit I came closer to the flowers, sometimes too clamorous, sometimes too shy, often arranged as though the world had stopped at 1910 (where indeed the flower world of the Chelsea Show is mostly situated). Most sophisticated of all are the tulips in the stand of de Jager whose nurseries are at Heilloo in Holland. "What is the fashionable tulip now?" I asked him. "Green," he said. "*Viridiflora.* Come and see." We walked over to the stand and I was confronted by a show of tulips ranging from the Hyde Park sentinel and the old lady's comfort to a striped cup of white and green blushes, about five varieties, terminating in a terribly intellectual bloom called *Viridiflora Artist.* Then there were Parrot tulips, ragged as a torn flag, of the subtlest tints of purple and wine stain violet, glowing with a doomed romantic fire. "These are up to date, surely?" I said to de Jager. "Certainly not," he replied; "you're four years behind the times. The fashionable tulip is a flaming red like *Chappaqua*, or a pure white like *Blizzard.*"

Next in sophistication are the cacti and the orchids. There is a large cactus stand with quite a magnificent assortment of plants, some of which seem to be leering at their more innocent sisters like the Devil at a choir practice. In all the cactus is a joker, strange, beautiful and disturbingly witty. The orchids are delicate, cold and precise; they face the riot of the Old World Garden like ice maidens, veined and coloured, without passion or heart. "Where can you grow these?" I asked Stuart Low's of Sussex. "Only in a greenhouse," said the manager. "But can you sell them?" I asked. "Sell them? We sell thousands. England is full of orchid specialists. Five pounds to 35 guineas a plant, like that *Odontoglossum* over there. Do you want one?" "I haven't got a greenhouse," I murmured.

For sheer, dramatic colour it is hard to beat the begonia stand of Blackmore and Langdon, Bath. This is the apogee of all flower brilliance. In front of this stand one's eyes begin to close, particularly in front of the sharp, blazing reds; and the blues have a piercing X-ray quality. "So much so," said one of the staff, "that, even as specialists, we can go no further with colour. We are concentrating on what we call the Picotee edge. Like that plant, for instance, the begonia *Golden Harvest*, which took 15 years to perfect." He pointed at a patterned bloom with a golden margin, easy on the eye. "These begonias of ours," he said, "go right behind the Iron Curtain. There's no politics in begonias." "What else do you run?" I asked. "Delphiniums," he said, "round the back." I wandered behind the begonias over a tiny fake lawn to a tall pastel world of delphiniums. It was enormously nostalgic, a golden age of Dornford Yates and A. A.

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Milne and beautiful mothers clattering teaspoons under the laburnum tree.

A smaller flower world is also at hand, in rockery and house plant stands. The house plant vogue, I was told, started in Scandinavia and is now at its height in this country, fostered mostly by flat-dwellers, who are learning how to train dwarf vines and ivy, and show off the lovely speckled leaves of *Hyprestes Phyllostachya*. Sweet peas, also painfully nostalgic, dreamlike and shy, have the sort of names, alas, which has marked time while the begonia has been winning its new medals: Ivor Novello, Mr. R. P. Butchart, Airwarden, Reconnaissance, King's Rhapsody, Winston Churchill. Is this fair?

Finally I went to the outdoor rock gardens, of which there are three. I stood before the centre one and gazed at a remarkable little stream cascading down rocks and boulders to a deep pool; and so wild and natural was the effect that I started to peer for trout. Beside me was an old gentleman leaning on a stick. "It's beautiful, isn't it?" he said. "It's very beautiful," I said. "Not too arranged. Not too many flowers. Wild as my part of the North Country." "You seem very much impressed by it," I said laughing. "I built it myself," he said. "My name's Whiteley. I'm 80 years old and I did it with my son. I'm proud of it, it makes me happy; it's a real river, and those boulders came all the way from Westmorland. Come and look at them." We walked up the stream to the boulders, and he bent down feeling them with the palm of his hand, like a man handling a woman. On either side the rockeries were tame, over-picturesque, surfeited with flowers like a birthday card. "It's good, isn't it?" he said, "this little bit of the country?"

ANTHONY CARSON

"This is not a chapeauterie, sir!"

EATING ONE'S HAT may be all very well where they have chapeauteries (or capeterias). But it is expensive, ostentatious and un-English. How ridiculous the man who rejects his hatter's recommendation with, "I don't like the flavour".

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The Arts and Entertainment

Cannes for the Tenth Time

OF COURSE it is always tempting to make light journalistic copy out of a film festival. Absurdities abound. This year at Cannes, for instance, there was Mike Todd's balloon riding over the Croisette, and his planeload of tame journalists flown over from Britain to attend the premiere and have dinner with a dozen lions. There was that young French actor who looked something like James Dean, slouching with tinted hair, leather jacket and jeans, before the cameramen in front of the Carlton Hotel. There was that jury of gaga Academicians (Jules Romains, it was reported, had not seen a film for twenty years), whose award of the Grand Prix to *Friendly Persuasion* was met with a torrent of very French boos and catcalls and cries of "Dassin!" And there are always the starlets undressing hopefully on the beach. Since these are the only aspects of a festival which the popular press is prepared to feature, inevitably many people get the impression of a vast, wicked, commercialised junket. But this is only a part—the least significant part—of the truth. The trouble is that the really important aspects of a festival are so much more difficult to make vivid. Titles of films one has not seen, and may never see, are always putting-off, and their excitement is difficult to convey. Besides, people say, the good ones will come to London anyway.

This is not true, though, or not necessarily. In spite of the cinema's apparent internationalism, films today are not circulating anything like as freely as they should, particularly if they are of quality. Festivals provide an invaluable way of easing their passage. They also provide unique opportunities for keeping in touch with the progress of the cinema out in the world—and for bringing grimly home to us how disastrously the British industry is declining into provincialism. (Our feature entries at Cannes this year looked as though they had been made in 1935.) In London or Hollywood it may be possible to believe that the cinema is going under to television. If we want to appreciate how false this is, we have to go abroad. And this is another reason why it is urgently important that Europe's international film festivals—which now include Berlin, Karlovy Vary and Venice as well as Cannes—should have the support of serious papers and critics of conscience. If art is important, they are important.

This was the tenth festival at Cannes, and of the six I have attended it was the best. I do not mean by this that it was all masterpieces. There were a number of new films by established names, all of high quality (Dassin, Fellini, Kozintsev), and at least two of outstanding success (Bresson's *Un Condamné à Mort s'est Echappé*, and Ingmar Bergman's *The Seventh Seal*). But it was the vigour and promise of the younger directors that impressed the most—many of them new on the international scene. In Poland, Russia and East Germany, in America and the Argentine, in Finland and Ceylon work is being done of the greatest artistic and social interest. The backgrounds of these directors vary enormously, as do the means at their disposal. Some of them come from film schools (in countries where society acknowledges its responsibility to the cinema); some of them come from television; and some of them have simply fought their way into film-making in the traditional style. Their accents vary, but they have vitality in common, and a generally humanist viewpoint. Through them, the cinema is saying many necessary things about our time.

I have never understood why the social significance of cinema is so generally neglected. Last year at Cannes the greatest impression was made by the Hungarian films: in *Merrygoround* and in *Discord* there was an intensity of feeling, a lyricism and a spontaneous humanity that clearly signalled something new. Yet I can think of no political or social commentator who availed himself of this striking evidence. (In that extensive survey of the Peoples' Republics which appeared in the *New Statesman* last summer, no mention was made of the cinema at all.) And this year? The Hungarian offering was dead: conventional, dated, sentimental and poorly made. And instead the exciting contribution came from Poland. We saw two Polish films, both the work of the same young director, Andrej Wapda, aged 31. They were both war stories; but this does not mean that they were mere nostalgic harkings-back to romanticised values of the past (as was our own *Yangste Incident*). It was their spirit that mattered. The first, in fact, *A Generation*, was made before the thaw, and now its makers regard this tale of young Communist resistance to the Germans with a certain dissatisfaction. To a foreigner, however, it is not the immediate political significance of the picture that signifies, so much as its intense idealism, its vibrant humanity. The same attitude inspires the more recent of these two films, *Kanal*, a tragic story of the last days of the Warsaw Rising in 1944, centered on the attempt of a partisan detachment to escape through the city sewers, and its final annihilation. You would have to be blind and deaf not to sense here the independence and national pride of the Poles; and at the same time their obsessive need to exorcise the horrors of their recent past by making art out of it.

It was this resurgent liberalism, implicit in so many of the films shown at Cannes, that I, as a Briton, found most heartening. It can be done, you see. It is there, unmistakably, in the films from Russia too. Kozintsev's *Don Quixote* represents to some extent, perhaps, a retreat into the past: but the mature, compassionate irony of that forlorn idealist, impinged absurdly on the windmill-sails of the world, still obstinate in his affirmation—these images are not accidental. And *The Forty-First*, with its love story between the Communist girl partisan and the young White Russian officer, is done with a humour and an understanding which show a real and valuable evolution of attitude. The humanistic note was sounded again and again, not rawly, but with the depth and complexity proper to art. The Argentinian *House of the Angel* (also the work of a new, young director, Torre Nielsson) was a study of adolescence, unusually subtle and acute; and here also social background—the perverting puritanism of its upper-bourgeois milieu—was made to play its important part. The American *Bachelor Party* (from the team responsible for *Marty*) gives a disturbing, sensitive picture of middle-class life in New York; and the East German *Duped till Doomsday* is a powerful, haunting allegory of the corruptions which produced or submitted to Nazism.

It was an extraordinarily rich festival and I have no space to detail the fresh, adventurous work contributed by countries like Ceylon, Finland, Denmark and Norway. Nor to discuss the important new films by Fellini (*The Nights of Cabiria:* Giulietta Masina again, as a Chaplinesque prostitute) and Jules Dassin (*Celui qui Doit Mourir*, a powerful adaptation of Kazantzaki's *Christ Recrucified*). Robert Bresson and Ingmar Bergman have each made superb films which will surely be shown in London. For the moment I will only say that the Bresson is a triumph of poetic concentration, and one of the best pictures made in France since the war; while Bergman's *Seventh Seal* is a marvellous (in every sense of the word) medieval fable. Surely, I say, such films will come to London. But will they?

The cinema, for artists of integrity and ambition, is a battlefield. But you can also imagine it as a witness—one which can testify most eloquently to the struggles, dangers and efforts of men in our time. The tragedy is that this

witness is so consistently disregarded, where it is not actually choked. Here in Britain, for instance, not merely is our own cinema (for a complex variety of social and economic reasons) largely stagnant; but the machinery for circulating works of quality from abroad is hopelessly inadequate. London has about half a dozen specialised cinemas: of these only two follow a consistently respectable policy of programme—and this naturally leaves an enormous number of films either waiting interminably in the queue, or without the possibility of any showing at all. As a specialised distributor said to me at Cannes: "It's no use my buying a picture for Britain if I can't get a West End cinema to show it. The critics won't write about it; film societies won't book it; and the specialised cinemas in the provinces will only take films that have been successful in London." And so, however enthusiastically I write about these two Polish pictures, about *The House of the Angel*, and about *Duped till Doomsday*, I know that their chances of distribution in Britain are not good. And as a result most intelligent people in this country—whose idea of an outstanding film remains stuck at *Baby Doll* or *La Strada*—still fail totally to understand the stimulus that contemporary cinema can give.

But all this only increases the value of the impetus which festivals like Cannes—in spite of all their commercial trappings and their publicity gimmicks—can give to the progress of the cinema. Somehow these films got made. Somehow they got to Cannes, and were seen by critics from 30 or 40 countries, and were written about round the world. Commercialism has its lackeys in plenty—decent intelligent men, many of them, the victims of our situation—while art has pitifully few partisans. We must seize all the opportunities we can. These international festivals do not only demonstrate the strength of the opposition: they also show us what there is to fight for. We must use them.

LINDSAY ANDERSON

A Dive in the Dustbin

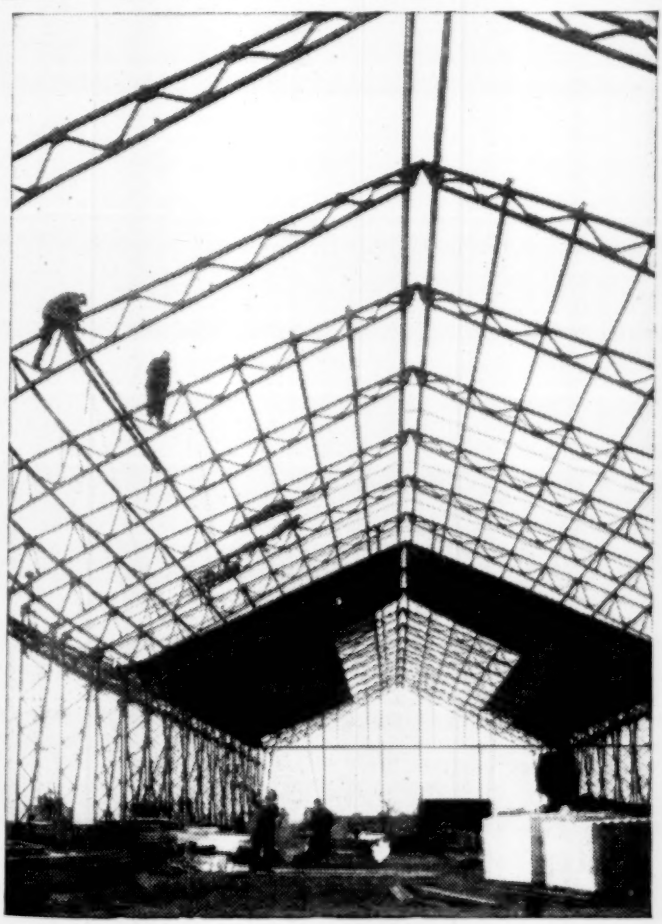
WITH M. Ionesco I must confess to feeling left out. His admirers are ardent and vocal. They ring you up to ask if you didn't just love it all and wasn't it *wonderful*? And I feel very middle-aged when I answer that I didn't and it wasn't, and I remember my father angrily flinging my treasured copy of *The Waste land* into the fire and earnestly recommending Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Like Father like Son?

The Chairs is the latest of M. Ionesco's plays to be shown here. It is brilliantly acted at the Royal Court by Mr. George Devine and Miss Joan Plowright. It is a one act play and there are only two characters. They are a very, very old couple living alone in a room entirely surrounded by water. And they mumble together in a sort of repetitive parody of the clichés the old use. M. Ionesco has a tremendous line in repetitive cliché. In *The Bald Primadonna*, which we saw recently at the Arts, it was the clichés of the middle-class marrieds; they were agonisingly exact and no less agonisingly repetitive. As they went on and on and on, one wanted to scream, and no doubt that was the playwright's intention. (Though did he mean us to scream for sheer boredom?) The clichés in *The Chairs* are less comic than those in the earlier plays; they are sad and rather cruel, and they end in the old man's falling back into childhood and howling for Mummy. Then, comforted by his old crone of a wife, he remarks that he has a great message to deliver to the world and that guests have been invited to hear it.

The door bell rings: the first guests arrive. Imaginary guests, you understand, for whom chairs—but real chairs—are brought in and they are entertained with guest clichés. But then more and more imaginary guests push their way in. The stage is flooded with them, the wife brings in more and more chairs, but never enough. The old couple push their way through the imaginary throngs that line the back of the room, the sides, the aisles between the chairs. The meeting is full, and husband and wife stand up, facing them, one on each side, in front of a window each, for the message to be delivered.

So far, even if one may be untouched, one can appreciate the sort of mad talent that is operating. M. Ionesco seems to me to have no idea of when a joke is exhausted, but, that granted, this assembly of a large imaginary audience on a bare stage packed with empty chairs and with the two old people doddering and pushing and shoving their way between these ghosts of their imagination is a striking theatrical image which haunts. But even M. Ionesco has to find an ending for his plays and the one he has found here strikes one as being infinitely feeble. The message, the old man announces, will be delivered by an orator, and curtains at the back of the stage are drawn to reveal a black mouthing figure unrolling a parchment and at the sight of this the elderly couple turn round and dive to their deaths out of their respective windows, while the orator fails to deliver the message, for he is dumb and can only produce the strangled sounds of the voiceless.

This seems to me a very ham highbrow ending, a dive, simply, into the fashionable dustbin. I had not previously related Beckett and Ionesco in my mind, but I see from this play that they are on similar ground. The feeling of *The Chairs* is very similar to the feeling of *Fin de Partie*. We are all, in the last analysis, alone. We cannot communicate with one another. We stumble, howling, or mumbling our bromides, senselessly and without purpose to our deaths. This, or something like it, is, it seems, th mood of the present French intellectuals—some bottomless mood of despair from which every last vestige of hope is excluded. Mr. Beckett in *Waiting for Godot*—or at least in one act of that play—succeeded in finding a set of symbolic characters and actions which very exactly epitomised that



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mood. The end of *The Chairs* doesn't seem to me to have been arrived at by the pressure of what has gone before. It is simply an arbitrary ending, fashionably applied. But I dare say I am not a judge. I am antipathetic to the dustbin drama. One doesn't need to be a Communist to believe that despair is a killing emotion. And I hope to goodness that our young writers who are at present kicking out with so thoroughly healthy a reaction won't get infected with this Parisian malaise, this creeping paralysis of the will.

The Chairs is preceded by a rather whimsical piece, *The Apollo de Bellac*, by Giraudoux, which sounds even more whimsical in English and which is notable chiefly for the performance of a charmingly fresh young actress, Miss Heather Sears.

T. C. WORSLEY

Over-exposed

THERE has never been so much contemporary art on view in London as there is today, and this is chiefly because of the rate at which galleries have been springing up outside the Bond Street area. The Knightsbridge-Kensington district, even without the coffee-houses which hang paintings, now has at least six places where exhibitions of contemporary art can be seen, and next Friday there will be another when the Crane Gallery of Manchester opens a branch in the Brompton Road with an exhibition of Vlaminck. Around Baker Street at least three galleries selling contemporary paintings have not been open long. From Hampstead to Camberwell, Hammersmith to the East End, there are private or public galleries where new art is shown. The trouble is that the spread is so wide now it is impossible to keep in touch. What percentage of all these exhibitions can a member of the public hope to see, when, presumably, he has only his lunchtimes to see exhibitions in? It seems incomprehensible that most galleries close at half-past five on week-days and one o'clock on Saturdays (need they open on week-day mornings before noon?). But as they do, the critic acquires more responsibility than he has ever had before.

Dealers and artists complain that critics don't get enough space to write in. (This is not because they have a taste for criticism as literature.) Space may be a problem for the critic, but an even greater one is time. Every critic gets begging-letters imploring him to visit exhibitions off the beaten track, and every critic fancies himself as a talent-scout and would therefore love to oblige. But it can't be done. To be conscientious in the sense of going to see everything is to lack conscientiousness in the sense of being careful not to look at pictures when one is too sick of pictures to respond to them.

This may be a thoroughly frustrating thing to say to small dealers who pant after publicity and to the painters who exhibit with them, though some are more talented than many who get shown in the bigger galleries. There is only one answer to this difficult problem, which is that the dealer has got to do what every creative dealer has always done—win the confidence of his public such as it is, so that his visitors will keep coming back, his customers keep on buying. He may achieve this by being a clever talker, but it also helps not to put on exhibitions for the sake of putting on an exhibition. Actually, if this last rule were followed, the whole problem of press coverage would probably solve itself.

All this sermonising is by way of prelude to a recommendation to visit one of the small galleries off the Bond Street beat to see the exhibition of drawings by Alexander Weatherson and F. N. Souza at the Gallery One in D'Arblay Street, Soho. These two one-man shows complement each other neatly, for both these young painters have a very nice sense of surface-pattern, both of them use it to get grotesque effects into imaginary portraiture, and both of them seem to have learned something about how to do this from the art of Dubuffet.

Weatherson, in spite of the grotesqueness, arrives none the less—and this is his strength as well as his weakness—at an effect which charms. The menacing is neutralised by becoming picturesque. There is none of the cosiness of the picturesque in the other room, in Souza's pen-drawings and water-colours, no hint here of a suggestion that strangeness is amusing: here the strangeness is harsh, crystalline, ruthless.

Souza, a Goanese, is to my mind the most remarkable contemporary Asian artist whose work I have seen, the one who has come nearer than any other to resolving the problems thrown up by the collision of Eastern and Western cultures. He is also a writer of uncommon power and precision, a truly and terribly comic writer, profoundly original, appallingly honest. These qualities, and they are qualities of genius, come through in his drawings, though with less force because there is more forcing: he is not on top of the medium. For all that, the packed pen-strokes and the wicked crooked shapes get a hypnotic grip upon the eye.

There are some acidly sinister visions at the Lefèvre too, where Edward Burra is showing recent large water-colours of flowers and still-life. The still-lifes (which are like details from Diego Rivera frescoes, but rather more modelled) are admirable *tours de force*; the drama is in the flower-pieces. These are perhaps the most pungent things Burra has ever given us, more so even than the early satirical scenes of night life. There is nothing here of the tendency to standardise forms found in his larger figure-compositions, nor of their overblown quality—on the contrary, the scale is as just as the perception is precise. But these flower-pieces are not only more subtle pictorially than the subject-pictures: they are also more vividly, more intensely, strange and disturbing, precisely because they need nothing other than their spiky shapes and clashing colours to make them so.

DAVID SYLVESTER

Royal Report

SOME of the adulatory press comments on the Duke of Edinburgh's television account of his Commonwealth tour were rather in the tone usually reserved by circus barkers for a talking dog or some other preternatural phenomenon. He speaks! He moves!! The wonder of the century, the prince who is almost human!!! Others merely equated him with Bernhardt, Caruso, or Garbo. ("Staggering . . ."; "A new star is born.")

Despite all this flannel, it was a performance that deserves judging on its merits—and, in judging it, one must in fairness remember that it was intended primarily for children. (I don't suppose any children's broadcast for a long time has had a larger adult audience.) Probably Prince Philip had tried some of it on his own children first: like any father returning from abroad, he would have shown them his trophies and accompanied the unpacking of their presents with anecdotes and little jokes. He had, moreover, already given the substance of the broadcast as a lecture, which he had presumably prepared with some care; and the general story of the tour must still have been in his mind pretty clearly. The actual feat of talking, without a script, for twelve minutes more than the allotted forty minutes was not, therefore, quite so miraculous as has been suggested—particularly since royal personages, used as they are to being constantly on show, ought to be less shy even of TV cameras than most of us.

None the less, to keep it up for that length of time, with few slips, and to synchronise words and movements with the display of souvenirs and the switches to film material, was creditable—even, in an amateur, remarkable. Justified, up to a point, too, were the tributes to the natural, easy manner, the deliberately flat resonance of the delivery, the airy meiosis of the thrown-away jokes.

But, after all, Prince Philip is not an ordinary amateur. Not only has he been trained to be a public figure; he is also, like his uncle, an intelligent man, with a strong scientific and technical bias, and a somewhat *exigéant* perfectionist. This makes it surprising that, good as his broadcast was, he did not take the extra trouble, and submit himself voluntarily to the extra discipline, that would have made it really as outstandingly good as most of the newspapers said it was. It is to be hoped that their sycophancy will not encourage him to feel that, next time he appears on television, he need do no more by way of preparation than he can have done this time. Possibly the producer was not able to be sufficiently tough with him—he has a strong will of his own which makes him resistant to advice and persuasion—but somebody should have told him, or he might have guessed for himself, that apparent improvisation in a lecture or talk (like the best of Sir Winston Churchill's "spontaneous" replies to supplementary questions) is most successful when it is most carefully rehearsed. I doubt if anybody can *really* "ad-lib," even on a familiar subject, for more than a very few minutes, without repetition and without losing time and, worse, the keyed-up attention of the audience. In the latter respect Prince Philip was fortunate: because he is who he is, he held his viewers as an equally competent speaker would not have held them if he had been equally under-rehearsed. But, in general, a genuinely unrehearsed discursive chat means a progressively more relaxed audience—and a relaxed audience is half-way to sleep. You must keep them on the edge of their chairs.

Those twelve minutes, too, were lost, quite unnecessarily, in hundreds of pauses and hesitations and curiously inarticulate "ers" and "sort-ofs." (He showed us a book-end: "I've got my hand next to it to show you the sort of size of it.")

This does not mean that I think that a script should have been used. That would have made

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the whole thing too formal and stiff. But it is possible, though difficult, to convey an effect of casual spontaneity while actually speaking with an intensity and at a tempo slightly higher than those of ordinary conversation. The best television interviewers have mastered this secret. (Why not? It is a technique suited to the medium. This is *not* ordinary conversation.) To achieve this effect in a solo performance, as distinct from an interview, it is, however, necessary to compose and learn by heart beforehand some key phrases and sentences, to time the whole discourse again and again (even if some of the words are changed, as they will be, during the actual show), and to compel a candid friend to criticise it ruthlessly for those verbal mannerisms which we all indulge in unconsciously. We must assume from the result, and from some press interviews with the producer, that some of these precautions were not taken during the rehearsals of this broadcast—excellent in all purely mechanical ways as it was and thorough though the rehearsals no doubt seemed to Prince Philip himself.

No doubt, too, when the material was being sorted out, a lot had to be scrapped that he would have liked to keep in. Even so, if more had been scrapped, the remainder would have gained in depth: the more perfunctorily a number of people, places, and objects are skimmed over, the less three-dimensional they seem. Selection is also part of the art that conceals art: comprehensiveness, in such a programme, is a chimera.

Adult viewers may also regret that one so sensible and observant as Prince Philip should, after so fascinating a tour as this, be able to talk publicly only about its more superficial aspects—to give, in fact, a children's travelogue. Would he be allowed in another broadcast, perhaps very late at night, to discuss in an adult way (preferably without the plug for the favoured charity) some of the social and constitutional developments and problems that must have come to his attention? Or would this rock the Throne?

Anyway, the verdict on last week's effort must be, as a school-report might put it: Bright, energetic, and tries hard; could do better, next term, with more concentration.

TOM DRIBERG

English Hopes

IF for nothing else, the National Film Theatre would have earned our gratitude and made its mark with "Free Cinema." Each of these programmes brings something fresh and essential; something we may have looked for in films and too rarely found. One can't—and that's just as well—label it documentary; Lorenza Mazzetti's *Together* brought a Kafka-like intensity to bear on a deaf-and-dumb partnership in the East End; Lindsay Anderson's *O Dreamland* shrieked its unamusement of an amusement park; in Georges Franju's *Le Sang des Bêtes* a visit to a slaughter-house was conducted with the rigour of a Baudelaire sonnet. What conjoined these was not so much realism as the poetry or satire that floats off realism. The screen tends to be flat and fleeting; and only intensity can give it depth. This enhancement—so remote from the tuppence-coloured of studio fiction—might be defined as vision with a sharp eye.

The particular appeal of the third programme in the series is that it's on our doorstep; it enters into a Covent Garden (of vegetable, not song) we have only glimpsed, roams about Piccadilly Circus on a Saturday night, takes trips to Wakefield for its strange celebrations, and to Edinburgh for its street children singing songs. Most days when I can manage I walk about London, and on quite a number of days I go into cinemas to see what English film-makers have made of the life about them; and if once in the year an English film matches the interest of the streets outside, I'm in luck. They miss *everything*. To walk into an English programme and meet not disappointment but revelation is experience indeed; and this, I'm delighted to say, is the case with *Look at Britain!* (May 25 for five days.)

Lindsay Anderson's *Every Day Except Christmas* is the best lyric of its kind since Jennings. Its method is "straight"—Covent Garden from midnight till noon—yet he manages to insinuate all the waywardness, the beauty and surprise, reporting would fall short of. We come away knowing just what goes on in those hours of preparatory darkness, charmed by the setting-out of flowers, linked for a moment with lives remote from our own. The lorries drive in; the Light Programme winds up with "God Save the Queen"; empty halls fill with whistling and boxes; the stands fill as for a Coronation; there's a lull in which a cat walks through and the unloaders lump over a café table; then the buyers arrive, the bowler-hatted one striding from a big store, the flower-girls, crawling and picking from what's left; and in the end a street hand battering over cobbles and under arches . . . We have not only enjoyed a preview of Covent Garden, we have touched humanity. Mr. Anderson's team included Walter Lassally (camera), John Fletcher (sound), and Daniel Paris (score); and he himself is the best hope for English films we have. It is an odd commentary on the state of the cinema that *Every Day Except Christmas* should have been sponsored by Ford's, whereas the entries to Wardour Street are barred.

Otherwise Hollywood has depressed us this week with *The Search for Bridey Murphy* (Cameo-Poly), a hypnotism case of one who sinks into previous existences; and a square box sent out of space (*Kronos*, Rialto) to gollup up all the power stations it can find—its one live moment is when it trots on tubular legs before being hunted by the Mexican air force. A far better space thriller is our own *Quatermass II*: in fact, directed by Val Guest, and with Brian Donlevy in the chief part, and some nice doings of giant squids in a Government research station, it also revives some hope for English films.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Special Atomic Science Issue

How was nuclear fission discovered?

To-day the term "nuclear energy" is familiar to all. But how many know the story of the experiments which—less than 20 years ago—set the stage for the large-scale liberation of nuclear energy? This story is told in *The New Scientist* this week by one of the experimenters, Professor OTTO FRISCH, F.R.S. His account is both a clear explanation of nuclear fission and a vivid contribution to scientific history.

Professor Frisch's article is a part of the Special Atomic Science Section which *The New Scientist* publishes in every fourth issue. Other eminent contributors to the special section in the present issue include Sir HAROLD HARTLEY, F.R.S., who writes on the six-nation organization called Euratom and the promise it holds for European industries; Professor G. O. JONES, who spotlights some of the misconceptions about nuclear fission which are prevalent; Dr. A. J. SALMON explains an aspect of atomic science about which the layman knows little.

The future of Imperial College

Next week one of the world's most famous educational institutions—the Imperial College of Science and Technology—celebrates its Charter Jubilee. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will open the first of the new buildings to be completed under the College's expansion scheme which is the spearhead of the Government's policy for extending scientific education. In *The New Scientist* this week the Rector of Imperial College, Dr. R. P. LINSTEAD, F.R.S., writes about the past, the present, and the future aims of this great College.

★ **Professor John Read, F.R.S. writes on Eucalyptus Trees And Their Many Uses, in *The New Scientist* this week.**

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HUNGARY REVISITED

SIR,—I appreciate the quiet and almost apologetic tone in which Professor Bernal reports on his recent experiences in Hungary. In fact it is the only way in which an intelligent Communist can tackle the dealings of the present Hungarian government. I am nevertheless sure that his most striking remarks are not only erroneous but also detrimental to the cause of peace which he means to serve.

First, about the Jewish question. It is a matter which all parties concerned like to approach with tact, and which, for this very reason, I should like to discuss without tact. Hungary has ever since the autumn of 1919 been a theatre of revolting anti-Semitic practices. First they were encouraged by a forbearance amounting to complicity from the western powers. Later they were turned into mechanised cannibalism under German influence. The Russians and their agents (mostly Jews), after taking over in 1945, have done nothing to counter this tendency. On the contrary. While punishing severely and even cruelly those of the Jew-baiters and Jew-killers, who could rightly or wrongly be considered as warmongers, they ostentatiously flattered the rest. They swamped their party with former Arrowcross Fascists, and the A.V.O. with Nazi blackguards. They tried to convert anti-Semit emotions into their own favour by awarding high honours to well-known anti-Semites, and made a show of persecuting "Zionists" who had never been Zionists. Far from concentrating their fury on rich Jews, they "liquidated" masses of poor intellectuals and manual workers, Socialists and Communists, particularly those who had travelled in western countries or fought Franco in Spain, and could therefore be suspected of the crime called "cosmopolitanism." The deportations under Rakosi amounted to a major pogrom organised by Jews; and when, in prison, I saw members of the former International Brigade being beaten up by Nazi storm troopers amidst the shouts "now you stinking Zionist you get what you deserve," the tendency was pretty obvious.

I saw, in fact, but one fortnight when there was nothing like that in Hungary; the period of the Hungarian Revolution beginning on October 23 last year. I walked for hours in the streets, day after day; I listened to crowds, including those hunting A.V.O. men, and never heard an anti-Jewish outburst. I looked at the walls, full of posters and inscriptions, and never saw one similar to those anti-Jewish slogans quoted by Professor Bernal. I did not think that our anti-Semites had stopped being so; nor that our numerous burglars and looters had become honest men for good. But in the same way as nothing was stolen from behind the broken shop-windows, because the atmosphere was unfavourable to crime, so also were the criminal speculations on racial hatred silenced by a belief in national unity.

Now, however, the agents of Russian power want progressive world opinion to believe that, as after the collapse of the Third Reich, it was their tanks which saved the Jews from mass extermination. It is a pity that such a distinguished scientist as Professor Bernal, even if a Communist, should be duped by such demagogy.

Otherwise Professor Bernal shows much more restraint in judging the October Revolution and its quenching by Russian arms than do the government spokesmen in Budapest. His main contention is that one should forget about past evils and put "more emphasis on the future." He thinks that the efforts of the present Hungarian government "to create a viable economy" should be welcome "irrespective of any judgment on the political situation." By an acceptance of the *fait accompli* of Russian domination, he hopes to contribute to a future solution in which neither Hungary nor any other country will be dominated by Russia or any foreign power.

In a word, he wants peace between East and West, and so do I. So do many of us Hungarian refugees in spite of many setbacks and disappointments. But I cannot imagine how any peaceful settlement between countries can be reached, or any economic order appreciated, irrespective of politics. According to the Marxist-Leninist creed, not even a bar of music can be judged irrespective of politics; how then can the relationships between raw materials and products or between men and men?

The basic fact about Hungary is that she has a régime imposed upon her by Russian arms which—according to every reliable estimate and not even challenged by Professor Bernal—99.9 per cent. of her population rejects. Russian domination, particularly from 1950 to the spring of 1953, brought horrors to Hungary, mass murders of Communists as well as of people of any other political denomination, tortures second only to those of the Nazi extermination camps, and exploitation of her peasantry and working class more cruel even than under the retrograde rule of Admiral Horthy. There is practically no family in Hungary without a member or at least a close friend lost on the gallows. If the present rulers in Moscow and in Budapest recognise these as "errors" and "sectarian deviations" (the unique occasion when Bolsheviks use under-statements), the Hungarians, far from feeling reassured, must see that their fate is decided without and against them. They protested against this fate; as a result they have got new gallows and prisons, and are getting them still, day after day, in masses, as announced by the Budapest radio and boastfully commented on by the government spokesmen, simultaneously with the steps undertaken to create a viable economy, etc. Can this work? To discuss the fate of a people under such conditions, "irespective of any judgment" on their "political situation," from the point of view of whether more energy could be produced from coal, is not scientific detachment, but psychological blindness.

London, W.2. PAUL IGNOTUS

THE CASEMENT DIARIES

SIR,—I have to thank Mr. Kee for his courteous letter, but if any confusion about my meaning has arisen it is not of my making. When I said in my review that "if they (the typed copies) were not true copies one would have to believe that some unknown criminal had forged two sets of diaries." I was trying to establish that these typed copies are authentic, which apparently both of us accept, but is denied by some of Casement's supporters. The proof that the originals from which they were transcribed are in fact Casement's work is, of course, quite another matter—but I believe it is equally indisputable.

I would beg Mr. Kee to look at both volumes again before he accepts the conclusion that the homosexual passages have been interpolated. He will find that the writer, although like most diarists, he varies greatly in the length of his entries, is very consistent in sticking to the chronological sequence of events for each day. The objectionable passages can be roughly divided into three groups: (1) comments on sexually gratifying sights observed in the course of his daily activities; (2) references to letters, appointments, etc.; (3) records of definite contacts. These passages seem, with very few exceptions, to occupy the place in the entries which they naturally would in Casement's daily life. Moreover, throughout the whole of the 1905 diary, and in the 1910 diary after April 23, the entries are continuous and without omission.

As for the style being different from that in the rest of the diary, it is inevitable that the writer should adopt a specialised jargon or use brief jottings to describe homosexual practices. The whole diary is written in jerky sentences which make it almost unreadable, and when the homosexual passages are of any length they seem to me of a piece with the rest in feeling and vocabulary.

Looking at the 1903 diary, one finds that 39 of the daily entries have objectionable passages, three-quarters of them in the first or second categories. Only six of them are at the beginning of an entry, curiously enough all in one week. But on 25 days there are significant comments interspersed among normal material, some much too long to be crowded into a chance gap or end of a paragraph. In 19 instances the passages occur at the end of an entry, but nearly always for an obvious reason, e.g., Casement goes for a walk or picks up someone at a restaurant.

The distribution of the homosexual entries is very interesting. Having noted the suicide of Hector Macdonald on April 17, there are no improper entries, except for two mild comments, until October 6, when he had a relapse on his return from a very trying voyage up the Congo.

In the 1910 volume the entries are much more varied in length, style and content. No less than 70 entries include significant passages. In eleven cases this material is at the beginning, but almost always with an obvious explanation (early bathing, etc.); 14 are at the end for the same reasons as before, and 28 in intermediate positions in the text. But the really important point Mr. Kee ignores is that some 25 of the 70 entries are wholly, or almost wholly, given up to homosexual interests, some of these being very short, others 100 to 220 words in length.

Now it is unfortunate that forgers are still as shy about coming into the open as homosexuals used to be, and I have been unable to obtain an expert opinion as to the possibility of making interpolations of this order in a written diary. It would be a totally different matter from the preparation of bogus documents and letters in espionage or counter-espionage work. Remember that these documents were fearlessly offered to the defence during the trial, and to Michael Collins during the treaty negotiations, when the Irish would have given much for a bargaining point against the English! Yet no one who saw the originals ever pointed a finger at a suspicious passage.

Finally, may I add that in checking up Mr. Kee's points, one noticed that Casement and Normand were only in the same place for 14 days all told! Further, it is absurd to insist, as Mr. Noyes does, that the diaries imply that Casement courted disaster by repeated misbehaviour during his voyage with the Putumayo Commission. From August 12, when he joined them on the steamer, to November 16, when he waved farewell at Chorrera, only three entries record significant episodes, and two of these were pretty safe adventures. Understandably enough, a speedy lapse into perverted ways followed, as when he left the Congo.

That the Home Office cannot see that action is

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called for to end this muddled dispute is the biggest mystery of all. If the Home Secretary thinks he is preserving Casement's reputation according to the best traditions of his office, he is a generation too late, and no one will believe him, anyhow. It is undignified for a great minister of state to play hide and seek with the truth.

LETITIA FAIRFIELD

F. E. SMITH

SIR,—The observations of Critic in your issue of May 4 have just been brought to my attention. I do not in the least object to hard hitting in controversy, but in Critic's paragraph every rule of journalistic propriety and historical concept is thrown to the winds.

The wild and ill-considered words of Alfred Noyes, which have so affected Critic, are contained in a book which is a piece of special pleading, solely designed to resuscitate the reputation of Roger Casement. It is full of vicious accusations about everyone concerned in the trial. To accept Mr. Noyes' hysterical accusations as truth, without making any attempt to see if they are supported by evidence, is to me an example of lamentably irresponsible journalism.

If Critic had chosen to inquire, he would have discovered that F. E. Smith had immediately issued a strong denial that he had ever "expressed delight" at Casement's execution. The statement was based solely on a report in an American newspaper at a time when many Irish-Americans were violently opposed to the United States entering the war. F. E. Smith was not the only visitor to be misreported at that time. T. P. O'Connor, who was touring America on behalf of John Redmond, with the object of enlisting sympathy for the allies, found that his interviews were so misrepresented that he had to cease giving them.

Critic, in his cosy anonymity, has next seen fit to deliver against my father a terrible accusation. He says "on excellent authority"—which he does not quote—that F. E. Smith, then Attorney-General, "fed tasty extracts of pornography from Casement's diary to select dinner parties of his male and female friends."

To anyone who knew F. E. Smith such a suggestion is fantastic. Whether Critic believes me or not, I can assure him that, however outspoken he was in controversy, in such matters as the contents of these diaries he was extremely prudish, and, in fact, refused to allow any discussion in his house about the diaries, or to talk about them, even to his wife. The suggestion that he quoted the spicier passages to mixed audiences is so grotesque that it either makes one laugh—or cry.

Critic's indecently expressed wish that my father is now frying in Hell, gives to my mind an ominous glimpse into his own peculiar character. I can only say that if I had written such vindictive words about a distinguished man, whose wife and children were still alive, I should be deeply ashamed.

Charlton, BIRKENHEAD
Banbury.

[Critic writes: "Come, come, since no sane person now believes in hell-fire, I am not likely to have hurt anyone's feelings by my facetious way of expressing a profound indignation at what I regard as moral obliquity. But I am sincerely sorry that I can't retract the story about F. E. Smith's use of the Casement diaries. Each of the examples I gave is well-attested, and the one about the dinner parties comes to me from an unimpeachable but unfortunately unquotable source."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

BOOTHBY AND SUEZ

SIR,—The Suez controversy is now passing into history; but it is important history, and the record might as well be right.

Last week your parliamentary correspondent wrote: "When Eden drove into the Canal and Sir Robert Boothby, gratefully but unfortunately, thanked God that at last we were done with Munichs, the cheers which greeted him showed how fully he reflected the relief of a considerable section of the Tory party." This gives the impression that I supported the action of the government in attacking Egypt as and when they did, and cheered them on; so I should be grateful if you would allow me to make my position clear.

The speech to which he refers was made on September 12, 1956, seven weeks before Eden "drove into the Canal." I began by saying: "The Nasser story would be incredible if it were not true. He was put there by the American ambassador in Cairo. His ban on Israeli ships was acquiesced in by all, despite the order of the Security Council of the U.N.. Arms were given to him and denied to Israel. And all this time he was working against us in the Sudan, Saudi Arabia, the Persian Gulf, Jordan and Syria; and beaming anti-British propaganda at every part of Africa and Arabia within range. He then buys Communist arms and is rewarded with the offer of a loan for the Aswan Dam. The offer is then precipitately withdrawn; whereupon he seizes the Suez Canal. I am content to recite these bare facts."

This can hardly be described as lyrical praise of the government; but I was on the record as having protested against the absence of Anglo-American co-operation in the Middle East, the continued supply of arms to Egypt, and the denial of arms to Israel, in questions addressed to the Foreign Secretary on March 28 and August 1, and in a speech delivered on July 24—so it passed.

I went on to say: "Nasser is a dictator, but I think it could be possible to negotiate with him under certain conditions, and I believe that these may well come about . . . We are prepared to give him the ownership of the Canal." In a subsequent reference to the proposal of Mr. Dulles for a Canal Users Association, which had just been announced, I said: "The United States is back with us. That is a tremendous thing, and it may well be the prelude to that effective co-operation with the United States in the future which has been so tragically lacking in the past." In conclusion, after expressing the

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view that the matter could not be finally settled without reference to the Security Council, I urged the Prime Minister to stand firm on the principles he had laid down, because shameless appeasement (which in my contention had been applied to Nasser for over two years) did not really pay.

I followed up this speech with an article published on September 16 in which I said: "What matters more than anything else is, first, that Britain should not put herself in the wrong by using force unless it is used against her, and by failing to take the case to the United Nations if Nasser continues to be obdurate; and second that Britain should stand firm by her principles, which amount to an insistence that the rule of law rather than the rule of the jungle shall be applied to the conduct of international affairs."

Finally, on September 26, I addressed a letter to the Prime Minister. I began this by suggesting that, as our principal allies were widely divided on the Suez issue, in the sense that France would like to settle it by force, and the United States were prepared to go to almost any lengths to avoid the use of force, the primary responsibility for the conduct of western policy now clearly devolved upon us; and that our immediate objective should be to bring Nasser to negotiation, and to obtain sufficient support from the United Nations Organisation to compel him openly to flout world opinion if he still refused to negotiate. If it came to an ultimatum (I had in mind the possibility that Nasser might close the Canal to our shipping and that economic sanctions would then have to be applied to Egypt), I said that I would support the government; but that this would be a dire alternative. After discussing, at some length, a possible basis for negotiations, I went on to point out that in the final analysis the rights and interests of the users could only be guaranteed by their own power and influence, which must be related to the amount of unity between them, and the amount of support they were able to obtain from other countries; and that in the meantime political pressure on Nasser from the oil-producing countries and from India, who saw their whole economic future in jeopardy, was bound to increase.

I concluded the letter with these words: "Make him negotiate, if you possibly can. If you succeed in doing this, I believe you can win a substantial victory. At Geneva you faced an apparently impossible task when they all ran out on you, and achieved it. Let's have a repetition."

A visit to the Persian Gulf in October confirmed my view that Nasser was losing ground everywhere: and it was the conviction that by our ill-timed intervention at the end of the month we saved him, which caused me to abstain from voting in favour of the policy of the government.

House of Commons. ROBERT BOOTHBY

DILEMMA OF THE DOCTORS

SIR,—The letter from a general practitioner does really call for some further answer. In the first place, the figure of £2,222 net a year that has been quoted in the present discussions about doctors' pay does not refer, of course, to the net income of a single-handed doctor with a full list of 3,500 patients. It does refer to the average net earnings from all sources of general practitioners who are in the National Health Service: that is to say, it includes some allowance for the various additional payments that are made within the National Health Service to doctors, for example for maternity cases and for emergency work, on top of the ordinary capitation rate. It also, no doubt, makes some allowance for the additional income that some doctors receive from hospital appointments, Ministry of Pensions' boarding work and some private patients. There are today, thank heaven, relatively few single-handed practitioners with full lists of 3,500 patients. Indeed, the tendency very naturally has been for doctors to come together in partnership and in groupp practice.

It is a little hard to listen to the complaints of general practitioners about over-work and inability to take part in other important medical fields when the matter is so much one for their own decision. Surely it is also quite unreal to suggest that even single-handed practitioners today have to be available on call every night. Quite apart from making use of an emergency call service at night most doctors have now joined in some kind of rota arrangement for their evening work. It does not seem to me to assist the doctors' case at all when complaints are made that have so little relation to the facts of today.

House of Commons. ARTHUR BLENKINSOP

TV DRAMA

SIR,—In Tom Driberg's interesting comment on our acquisition of the television rights of the Korda films he seems to criticise the use of cinema films on television. The fact is that films provide breathing space for television programme planners, because it is simply not possible for the I.T.A. contractors or the B.B.C. to provide 50 hours a week of "live" programmes all the year round. Yet we are well aware that we must provide outlets for producers, writers and performers, and it is worth noting that this summer A.B.C. will be providing as much as 2½ hours of live drama during many week-ends. In a typical two days we shall be presenting on Saturdays an "Hour of Mystery" (with plays like *Duet for Two Hands*) and a serialisation of Eric Ambler's *The Schirmer Inheritance;* and on Sundays the hour-long "Armchair Theatre." All this is part of a weekly output which adds up to the highest percentage of "live television" of any contractor.

If readers of the NEW STATESMAN will count on their fingers the number of West End plays they feel compelled to visit in a year, they will begin to appreciate the task we have set ourselves, not only in producing a one-hour play for "Armchair Theatre" every Sunday night from September onwards, but also in finding subjects and authors to provide at least 50 per cent. "originals" for this programme.

HOWARD THOMAS

A.B.C. Television Ltd.

CHILDHOOD FANTASIES

SIR,—In an inaccurate statement in "Books in General" on May 4, Mr. Pritchett does a grave injustice to Freud. He writes: "Freud himself was shocked to discover he was infecting his patients with fantasies about sexual interference in childhood because he happened to be interested in the subject at the time. It turned out that they had no basis in fact." The passage he misinterpreted from a passage in Sargant's book, quoted from my biography of Freud, is only a part of the story, and here are the facts.

When pursuing faithfully and objectively his new method of free associations Freud found that it led back to patients' "memories" of being seduced in childhood. On finding that these seductions had in most cases not taken place he could only conclude that his method was fallible or that there was some other explanation, and the latter soon came to light. The method had been correct enough, but the patients' "memories" were reproductions in that form of fantasies of being seduced which they had indulged in during the childhood; that was the basis in fact. There had been no question whatever of "infecting" them.

Elsted, Midhurst. ERNEST JONES

ANGRY YOUNG MAN

SIR,—It would be churlish of me to complain of C. L.'s gracious review of *The Boy Down Kitchener Street* in a recent issue of *N.S. & N.*, but he makes one point on which perhaps I might be permitted to comment. He writes: "Of course the book leaves out things we must not forget while reading it." Of course! Better try to distil butter from a buttercup than ideological comfort from my frolic about a happy boyhood. But if he wants all that about the period between the wars—if he wants the personal narrative around strikes, unemployment, social movements, Russia and the rest—it is all set down at length in *Angry Young Man*, published by Faber and Faber in 1951, which no one now remembers, it seems, or has the grace to acknowledge, was written by—

LESLIE PAUL

Brasted Place,
Nr. Westerham, Kent.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Hegel in Modern Dress

It is almost mysterious how little Hegel is esteemed in this country. This philosopher, who, while not being the greatest, contains possibly more truth than any other, is unread and unstudied here. The countrymen of David Hume have, oddly enough, a better record. But it remains the case that scarcely anything of value has been written about Hegel in England—and Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates are directed to him, if at all, as to a philosophical curiosity. It is scarcely to be expected then that Jean-Paul Sartre's remarkable book *Being and Nothingness**, which has at last been translated, and which can profitably be regarded as a lengthy footnote to the *Phenomenology of Mind*, will make any impact.

Being and Nothingness is a very long and almost totally Hegelian work concerning the nature of human consciousness—a subject which no longer exists in British philosophy. It is impossible even to outline the argument, but something can be said about the structure of the book. Sartre begins by posing a dilemma against the background of European philosophy. How is one to characterise the relation of object and subject? Subjectivist philosophies lose the object in the subject, objectivist philosophies divide it irrevocably from the subject. The relation between the two must be seen as complex, unstable, dialectical. This unstable relation Sartre proceeds to describe in terms of what he calls being for-itself and being in-itself. Being for-itself, or consciousness, has a flickering and unsettled quality which Sartre expresses by saying that it secretes its own *néant*, or "nothingness" as it has unhappily to be called in English. The subject does not have the mode of existence of objects. It is, however, haunted by its awareness of this other mode of existence, towards which it constantly aspires. It wishes to be in-itself. From this characteristic of consciousness there follow results, such as "bad faith" (the consoling illusion that one can *be* something in a thinglike manner) and, in a sense, the impossibility of sincerity. In this context, too, Sartre defines "value." We apprehend values as a "lack," the lack of something which would stabilise and "thingify" our being.

Sartre has here psychologised and de-historicised Hegel's general account of "alienation." In what follows he performs a similar service for Hegel's famous "Master and Slave" analysis. The relation of being for-itself to being in-itself takes on a particularly important (and in Sartre's picture distressing) form in our relations with other people: our being for-others. Other people are vital and yet unsatisfying and also dangerous to us because they hold the promise of a stabilisation of being. They are dangerous in that they may stabilise us as something which we do not wish to be (shame)—and they are unsatisfying in that even if they wish to glorify us (love), we cannot be certain of their steadfastness, and in trying to hold them to their task we objectify them and destroy the freedom which gives value to their performance.

In the later part of the book Sartre discusses freedom, and what he calls "existential psychoanalysis." "The final discoveries of ontology are the first principles of psychoanalysis." Voluntary deliberation is always faked. We have ourselves made the apparently objective considerations which we manipulate. If freedom is freedom to do otherwise—at what price? At the price of abandoning the fundamental projects which make us what we are? Our freedom lies deeper than "will" and ordinary reflection. It *is* the fundamental nature of our *élan* toward being, and can only be uncovered by a type of analysis which avoids the reifying faculty theories and symbolisms of traditional and current psychology. (Sartre accuses Freud of treating the consciousness as a thing.) The discussion leads on to a fascinating consideration of "quality as a revelation of being." Why do we like filling holes? Why are we fascinated by what is slimy? Not for Freud's reasons. Sex itself mirrors something more fundamental, the fruitless desire of consciousness to be its own foundation.

The book ends with a definition of its own status. All this, Sartre tells us, has been an essay in "phenomenological ontology." Ontology is to metaphysics as sociology is to history. Ontology can only make models and pictures, can only say things are "as if". (It is as if being in-itself, in a desire to become its own foundation, gave itself the dimension of for-itself.) It is for metaphysics to say whether this is really so.

Concerning the status of this work, most English critics would be quick to say (I think rightly) that metaphysics in the sense hinted at by Sartre does not exist. All that can be done has been done. But what about the value and nature of what has been done? Is Sartre attempting the impossible: a description of "consciousness" which reveals a universal structure, and at the same time does justice to the unstable nature of what is described? On the latter point, it is curious how far, in a superficial sense at any rate, Sartre succeeds. The flickering nature of our actual thoughts and awarenesses, the way in which we move from "subjective" to "objective" apprehensions, which was dramatically presented in *La Nausée*, is more systematically dealt with in *Being and Nothingness*, and we are forced to recognise ourselves in the often unnerving picture. But is any universal or fundamental structure revealed here? Has Sartre done more than produce a compelling analysis of certain moods and emotions which may or may not be common to the human race?

It is hard to judge his attempt without putting this whole type of enterprise in question. Terms such as "being" and "consciousness" have been dropped from Anglo-Saxon philosophy. Here the philosopher largely confines his activity to removing problems attaching to particular concepts by an examination of the functioning of language in the affected area. He eschews psychology and does not try to tell us what the whole of reality is like. Sartre attempts it in a manner which he admits to be quasi-metaphorical. What is the value of this? It seems to me that in this country our exposure of certain types of metaphysical argument has led us too readily to reject the grandiose picture-making aspects of metaphysics. Such pictures can be illuminating, in a psychological and moral sense, even if their status is dubious, and even if they are established more by a general appeal to our knowledge of human nature than by a rigorous argument.

If we look at Sartre's work in this light it is certainly edifying. It teaches us about human nature as a novel might do. It is also the case that we shall probably object, partly on empirical and partly on moral grounds, to many aspects of the analysis. The enormous metaphor certainly tells us a lot about Sartre's own obsessions and evaluations, which we may see no reason to share. The picture is exceedingly egocentric. Our existence as historical entities and as members of society is quickly shuffled aside. Our "fundamental dilemma" is seen as that of a solitary being. Values have a solipsistic basis in the vain attempt of each consciousness to be *causa sui*—and even other individuals exist ultimately as threats or instruments. Sartre at several points makes the appeal to Kierkegaard against Hegel. The individual person demands recognition as this person, and not as part of something suprapersonal. Yet Sartre's own picture of the individual strikes one as curiously depersonalised and mechanical. It is as if the Hegelian Absolute had become a person and were striving for self-awareness in what it suspected to be a complete solitude. Other people, on Sartre's picture, appear as unassimilated parts of oneself. The death-struggle of one consciousness with another (a favourite topic of existentialist fiction) does, of course, exist. Simone de Beauvoir's *Mandarins* provides the latest variation on the theme (Paule and Henri). But if we believe that love is not necessarily fruitless, and that the apprehension of value, in personal relations, in society, and also in art, is connected with the ultimate and difficult apprehension of other persons and things as independent and *real*, then we are implicitly appealing to a conception of "being" other than that which Sartre presents.

It is curious that although Sartre himself is a striving moralist, deeply concerned to influence his age, the most systematic version of his theory seems to make striving pointless. What appears, from *Being and Nothingness*, as being "truly valuable"? The ordinary virtues are tainted with "bad faith." Possibly self-knowledge is of value, a freedom which is self-aware? There is a strong dash of stoical romanticism in Sartre's theory: we are as we are, let us at least know it. But the process of self-knowledge, as Sartre portrays it, appears negative and destructive; and his attempts elsewhere to apply "existential psychoanalysis" to particular persons (*e.g.*, Baudelaire) diminish the subject and do not seem to exemplify any novel mode of discovery. For polemical purposes Sartre has, in fact, had to supplement his account with, for instance, the more Kantian declarations of *Existentialism is Humanism*. The humanistic passion which he

* *Being and Nothingness*. By JEAN-PAUL SARTRE. Translated by HAZEL E. BARNES. *Methuen*. 50s.

displays in his more popular writings has since led him to the brink of the Communist party and more recently away again. He has also, since writing *Being and Nothingness*, produced his promised Ethics in the paradoxical guise of the enormous work on Genet.

Sartre's book is likely to displease philosophers by being "metaphysical," to displease Christians by being uncompassionate, and to displease Marxists and others by being unhistorical and unsocial. But it raises many questions which are surely philosophical ones, particularly concerning the nature and function of psychology; and above all it is full of fascinating and profound analyses of human devices and desires. It is an extremely interesting book, and could prove so too for lay readers if initial horror of the Hegelian terminology can be overcome. It is certainly difficult, but it is not as impossible to understand as might appear from a casual glance. It is full of "pictures and conversations." It seems to me to have been very well translated by Hazel Barnes, barbaric terms like "nihilation" being kept to a minimum. It is doubtless the case that writers of brief and meticulous articles will always look askance at writers of large, unrigorous emotional volumes; but the latter, for better or worse, have the last word.

IRIS MURDOCH

Through Literature To Life

A young man's elegant voice upon the air
Struts in the room, reading an elegant poem,
All about sun-kissed ruins on the Attic shore.
My children's voices scramble up the stairs;
Then scratch and batter at the study door.

A bubble of tinkling sunlit syllables scuds
Blown by his elegant breath, across the Aegean,
"That Grecian foam where all our dreams begin."
A tap on the edge of my hearing spurts on the suds;
Across the washing-up the bubbles spin.

The young man talks of sex: the splendid wrath
Of Aphrodite, born of the sea, which blinds,
Wrings a glad cry, and after leaves no trace.
One of my children is screaming in his bath,
Blinded by soap as his mother lathers his face.

I say to myself, turning the radio up
"I shall tell my children stories about the Greeks
And legends that strut in verses out of the past."
The noises downstairs grow faint (though they do not stop).
Life may be short, I reflect, but Art will last.

L. D. LERNER

Minotaur

Much like a chapel it looks, with orange frontage
Buttressed and ornate, its brick-enclosed
Rose-window opening an unblinking
Red-rimmed eye, its raven wings of slate
Giving it a withdrawn air. But peer within
Through the smudged pane and no cramped pews,
No thumbed hymnals, no skimpy harmonium
Furnish the gloom but a magnificence
Of silver and red, a pagan fulguration—
Voracious beast, earth-shaker, minotaur—
The village fire-engine bellowing to be fed.

CHRISTOPHER HANCOCK

How to Win Without Trying

Fulness of Days. By the EARL OF HALIFAX. *Collins.* 25*s.*

On an early page of these "random recollections," the author describes his father's behaviour in the hunting-field:

> When hounds found their fox, there would generally be a few moments' consultation as to the best way to go, consultation if possible taking place on raised ground from which events could be dispassionately viewed. From such coigns of vantage all the people who were galloping after hounds and jumping fences were roundly condemned—"Look at all those people who come out hunting simply to ride and jump!" In contrast, our own stock-taking completed, we made our way in what seemed the appropriate direction, eventually rejoining hounds and resuming the conversation temporarily interrupted.

Such has been the spirit of Lord Halifax's life. He has never gone out "simply to ride and jump." He does not act; things "happen" to him. He was "fortunate enough" to be elected a Fellow of All Souls'. Little did he think that he would become Chancellor of Oxford University—or Viceroy of India or Foreign Secretary or Ambassador to the United States. All the time his mind has been on "the conversation temporarily interrupted." Even his maiden speech in the House of Commons took him by surprise. It was delivered only because Balfour could not get back until after dinner and someone had to fill up time. Lord Halifax did not like the House of Commons: "I was tried by the constant dislocation of one's engagements by parliamentary business and generally by the interference with private life." This sentence is a good example of Lord Halifax's detached approach. He is usually "one," rarely "I." After his marriage, he becomes "we"—an attractive modesty when used about his travels, but a little disconcerting when "we" knew little about the problems of India on becoming Viceroy. Is the "we" marital or viceregal? There is a revealing photograph taken at the Rome opera-house in 1939. Mussolini is showing off, Neville Chamberlain gloomily surveying his surroundings. The eyes of Lord Halifax are lowered, and he is clearly thinking of the Yorkshire wolds.

The agreeable part of this book is its description of an aristocratic society, with high Anglicanism laid atop of older Whig habits. The one concession to democracy is that the Christian names of Lord Halifax's noble friends are tacked on to their titles—Jem Salisbury, Alan Northumberland, Eddy Winterton, Rupert Iveagh. Quite often, in Lord Halifax's boyhood, but not every year, there would be a servants' ball: "my father danced with the housekeeper and my mother with Smith (the butler)." Though the housemaids wore dance-clothes, "they were always expected to wear their caps." A vanished world, as Lord Halifax often remarks. Yet something of its spirit survives here. A few pages later, he explains that, as Chancellor, he does not attend the Encaenia every year: "the Vice-Chancellor bears the burden of University work all through the year, and it is only a small recognition of this service that he should sometimes represent the University on what is the principal University occasion." No doubt the servants work more cheerfully if sometimes invited upstairs.

This flow of gossip and anecdote is at first entertaining; in time it becomes intolerable. Lord Halifax may like to present himself as a Yorkshire landowner, disturbed now and then by the great world. The reference books give a different account. As Viceroy, he took the theoretical plunge into Dominion status; as Foreign Secretary, he led this country into war. No living man has a greater responsibility for events in the recent past. The chapter on India, though slight, is not discreditable, and there is an affectionate picture of Gandhi, the more admirable for its discrimination. The chapter on the Foreign Office, however, is a display of patrician insolence, unequalled since Lord Halifax's ancestor said of George Canning that the son of an actress was *ipso facto* disqualified from being Prime Minister of England. Sir Edward Grey was accused before the first World war of being aloof and secretive. But in his memoirs he not only explained what he had been trying to do; he defended and sometimes accused himself. Lord Halifax writes as though the Foreign Secretary has no more responsibility for British destinies than Smith the butler. He remarks that we were in no condition to fight at the time of Munich and leaves it at that. No hint that the Czechs had a formidable force, that Soviet Russia might have been won as an ally, that even the French wavered towards resistance. No, Lord Halifax said to himself: "never jump into a field unless you have a pretty good idea where you can jump out"; and then decided not to go hunting. The brief reference to negotiations with Soviet Russia in 1939 is even more extraordinary. The motives of Soviet policy are surmised, the difficulties outlined. There is no flutter of a suggestion that it was part of the Foreign Secretary's duty to try to overcome these difficulties. Lord Halifax writes: "I gravely doubt whether anything that we or the French could have said or done in 1939 would have had the smallest effect." In this case, why employ a Foreign Secretary? When war came, Lord Halifax "had the curiosity to inquire whether Parliament had ever met on a Sunday before."

On one occasion Lord Halifax condescends to print extracts from his diary. This is the account of his conversation with Hitler in November, 1937. The attentive reader will, however, observe a striking resemblance, both in order and phrase, to the German record taken at the time; and on further observing that this record was communicated to the British Ambassador, may conclude that Lord Halifax only reveals what is known already. But we must be fair: though evading responsibility himself, he does not shift the blame on to others. He denies that Chamberlain "interfered unduly with the work of the Foreign Secretary" (perhaps because in Lord Halifax's time the Foreign Secretary did none); and he writes of Sir Horace Wilson, "I always found him extremely helpful." It would be interesting to know whether this covers Wilson's conversation with Wohltat in July, 1939. Lord Halifax had a friendly affection for almost everyone in public life. There were two exceptions. One was Lloyd George. Lord Halifax was offended by "the discreditable sale of honours, which Lloyd George was said to favour, and out of which he was alleged to obtain considerable sums of money for his personal political fund." A sound objection, but even Lord Halifax must know that the Conservative party, of which he has been a lifelong supporter, took 50 per cent. of the profits from this traffic. The other statesman towards whom Lord Halifax has some reserves is Churchill. The two men have both described the memorable discussion with Chamberlain on May 9, 1940, as to who should be Prime Minister. Churchill's account throbs with grandeur and nobility. Lord Halifax, according to his own account, declined the high office, but not from any sense of unfitness: simply that he would be overshadowed by Churchill. "I should speedily become a more or less honorary Prime Minister, living in a kind of twilight just outside the things that really mattered." After this, "the Prime Minister reluctantly and Churchill evidently with much less reluctance finished by accepting my view." The account of Churchill during the war is a contribution, the more effective for its seeming artlessness, to the growing legend of the inspiring orator who was no good at practical affairs. The old crew who got us into the mess have never forgiven Churchill for the means he used to get us out of it. Churchill's policy was "victory whatever the cost." If part of the cost has been that Lord Halifax and his like no longer rule England, this seems an excellent bargain.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Two Tibets

Captured in Tibet. By ROBERT FORD. *Harrap.* 18*s.*

Tibet. By ALAN WINNINGTON. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 25*s.*

Probably no country in the world is so little known as Tibet; none has guarded so jealously its culture and traditions, and remained for so long immune from the impact of Western thought and technical development. There are still vast areas that have never been visited by Europeans, and even those with the most experience of the country cannot claim to know it as countless Europeans have known, say, India or Mexico. The publication from time to time of highly imaginative accounts of strange happenings and of occult phenomena has stimulated curiosity, though it has certainly not contributed to a proper understanding of this mysterious land, for it is not always easy for the general reader to distinguish between fact and fantasy.

No mere traveller can hope to know a country as intimately as someone who has lived and worked there, in daily contact with the people, sharing their problems and vicissitudes. This is an advantage that Robert Ford had over most writers about Tibet and, though little more than half his book is devoted to his experiences in the remote eastern province of Kham where no European had lived before, he succeeds in presenting a vivid and convincing picture of the life of the local people and of the character of his fellow officials from Lhasa. For Mr. Ford was himself a Tibetan government official, indeed he was the first European to receive the Dalai Lama's blessing as such. His job was to develop radio communications in Tibet, and having spent a year in Lhasa (he had previously served there as radio officer with the British Mission), he was sent to open a station in Chamdo, the capital of Kham, more than two months' journey away.

It must have needed considerable courage to undertake such a lonely assignment, particularly in view of the imminence of invasion from the east by the Chinese Communist armies; for he was under no illusions regarding either the ability of the Tibetans to resist or the delicacy of his own position should he fall into the hands of the invaders. But it is clear that Ford had come under the spell of this fascinating land and had formed such a deep affection for its people that, despite his isolation and insecurity, he offered to renew his contract with the Tibetan Government for a further two years. His account of his dealings with these people is sincere and objective. He sees the poverty and squalor as well as the deep-rooted happiness, the superstition and ignorance as well as the wisdom and tolerance and devotion.

The chief purpose of the book, however, is to present an eye-witness account of the initial stages of the Chinese invasion of Tibet in 1950 and of the resistance offered by the Tibetans, matters never hitherto reported in detail, and then to record his own treatment by the Chinese after his capture in October of that year. The narrative is well constructed, exciting and simply written. The story of Mr. Ford's four and a half years' imprisonment in China is most moving, even though it follows an all too familiar pattern: the months of solitary confinement and persistent, hammering interrogation designed to extract a "confession," the years of intensive "brain-washing" designed to extinguish all capacity for critical thought, the utter degradation, the ghastly suspense of never knowing how or when the ordeal would end, and finally the exquisite mental torment of a further six months' solitary confinement following an apparent reprieve. It is remarkable that Mr. Ford has retained his sense of proportion and humour, as clearly he has.

At the end of his book he writes of the spectacular material benefits that Tibet has already received under Communist rule: a new hydro-electric station erected in Lhasa, agriculture and industry developed, communications improved, new hospitals and schools built—and

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Book Society Recommendation, 12/6

MICHAEL JOSEPH

prisons too, social reform and the re-education of the people. But, he concludes, "Nothing is worth the extinction of the greatest freedom of all, which is freedom of thought. A healthy, well-fed robot is a poor substitute for a human being."

Alan Winnington, however, makes no such qualifications. In 1955 he made a journey under the auspices of the Chinese Government along the newly constructed highway from Szechuan to Lhasa and Shigatse. In his book he gives a eulogistic account of the benefits listed by Ford. He tells us, moreover, that all this progress is accompanied by complete religious and even class tolerance. Why, one wonders, do these strange people continue to revolt against their benefactors; why, for example did the people of Kham rise last year and massacre the Chinese garrisons there, with the virtual certainty of crushing reprisals? It has been said that if we believe all the best about Communism, and all the worst, we will come as near to the truth as we are ever likely to get. After all, "truth" in such matters is largely a question of our point of view.

ERIC SHIPTON

A Portrait of the Artist as a Martyr

Letters of James Joyce. Edited by STUART GILBERT. *Faber*. 42*s*.

A few years ago in Dublin I asked a distinguished citizen who had been a crony of Joyce in the old days how they had felt about him before he became famous. "We never thought him much of a fellow," came the reply, "he had no conversation." Conversation is perhaps a word that has a special connotation in Dublin, but I was reminded of the incident on reading these letters, for they are singularly lacking in personal revelation. They are the letters of a man who never wore his heart on his sleeve, a man of reserve and diffidence. It is notorious, of course, that with a few exceptions the letters of imaginative writers are desiccated, as if all their emotional life had been drained off into their works, leaving the husk of a personality. But in the present case chance and selection may have produced a distorted impression. There are about 400 pages of letters, covering a period of 40 years—an average of only ten pages to a year. The first thirty-two years of Joyce's life are represented by only thirty-one letters, most of these of an impersonal nature. Most of the letters throughout the volume are business letters, letters to publishers and literary agents. It is only towards the end of the volume that a few letters to his son and daughter-in-law, and to his daughter Lucia, give the reader some idea of the sensitive, affectionate and humorous spirit of the author of *Ulysses*.

Joyce has, of course, revealed his inmost nature in his work: his background in *Dubliners*, his self in *Stephen Hero* and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. Stephen Hero appears without mask in the first letter in this volume, a letter to Ibsen, "hot-headed" as Joyce himself describes it: written when he was nineteen and still a student at University College, Dublin:

> I have sounded your name definitely through the college where it was either unknown or known faintly or darkly. I have claimed for you your rightful place in the history of the drama. I have shown what, as it seemed to me, was your highest excellence—your lofty impersonal power.

"Your lofty impersonal power"—there already we have the ideal that Joyce had chosen for himself; but the letter goes on in a still more prophetic tone:

> But we always keep the dearest things to ourselves. I did not tell them what bound me closest to you. I did not say how what I could discern dimly of your life was my pride to see, how your battles inspired me—not the obvious material battles, but those that were fought and won behind your forehead, how your wilful resolution to wrest the secret from life gave me heart and how in your absolute indifference to public canons of art, friends and shibboleths you walked in the light of your inward heroism.

Henceforth Joyce himself was to walk in the light of his own inward heroism. He was heroic in two dimensions. In the first he had like Ibsen to serve his ideal of truth in the face of stupidities and misunderstandings that persisted for years—persecution, prosecution, censorship, endless delays and frustrations. Only the fact that early in his career (it was in 1914) he found a patron who was faithful to him through all these vicissitudes makes the struggle tolerable to the reader. Most of the letters in this volume are written to Miss Harriet Shaw Weaver, who edited *The Egoist* from 1914 to 1919, and published *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* as a serial in its pages. The first letter to Miss Weaver is dated November 11, 1914; the last June 18, 1940 (Joyce died in January, 1941). To the end she was "Dear Miss Weaver" to him, and though the letters gradually become longer and more intimate, and are in fact a close chronicle of Joyce's development as an author, they are anything but confessional in tone. Indeed, the whole volume is essentially documentary, and I think it is a reviewer's duty to warn the general reader that there is nothing here to tickle his curiosity. This is a book about the trials and tribulation of authorship. It has no charm and no cheerfulness. There is verbal wit, but not so much as one would expect from the author of *Finnegans Wake*. There are no philosophical reflections such as we get in the letters of Goethe or of a contemporary like D. H. Lawrence. Public events found no place in Joyce's consciousness—the war of 1914-18 and the Russian Revolution pass without a mention, and there are virtually no references to contemporary art of any kind. Proust is mentioned twice, but Joyce could not see "any special talent" in him. One has the feeling that the course was set already when the youth of nineteen wrote the letter to Ibsen, and that thereafter no influence, no interest, was allowed to disturb the obsessive voyage of discovery.

Progress was slow. "Ten years of my life have been consumed in correspondence and litigation about my book *Dubliners*. It was rejected by 40 publishers; three times set up, and once burnt. It cost me about 3,000 francs in postage, fees, train and boat fare, for I was in correspondence with 110 newspapers, 7 solicitors, 3 societies, 40 publishers and several men of letters about it." *Ulysses* took seven years to write and the epic struggle to get it published is only matched by the epic narrative on which it is based.

On the top of all this was the second dimension of heroism—the struggle with illness, particularly with failing eyesight. Eye trouble is first mentioned in 1917, but was by then apparently acute. The chronicle of operations and treatment continues throughout the years. But far worse than this was the nervous breakdown and final insanity of his daughter Lucia, an event that gives an unbearable pathos to some of the last letters in the volume. Joyce suffered intensely, but though he felt "like an animal which has received four thunderous mallet strokes on the top of his skull," yet in his letters to his children he kept up "a tone of almost gay irresponsibility." The final stroke was given by the outbreak of the war in 1939, which found Joyce in France, with his wife and daughter. With infinite difficulty and delay he succeeded in reaching Switzerland, but a month later he died in Zürich as a result of a perforated ulcer, a few days before his fifty-ninth birthday.

I have commented on the absence of general ideas from these letters, but all who are interested in Joyce's creative achievement will find here many clues to his artistic aims and precise indications of his plans and methods. One may agree with H. G. Wells (whose very interesting letter to Joyce is included in the volume) that *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* must have been "more amusing and exciting to write than they will ever be to read." Wells was kind to Joyce on more than one occasion, and said finely that although he thought his work was a dead end, he would go out of his way to save it from destruction or restrictive interruption. Thirty years have passed

since Wells wrote this letter, and it now seems that Wells was more right than we would have admitted in 1928. In so far as Joyce has had a progeny, it has been misshapen. His work seems more and more isolated, monolithic, a monument visited by a few academic crows. But a monument it remains, an Ankor-Vat rising out of the jungle of contemporary literature.

The editing of the letters was entrusted to Mr. Stuart Gilbert, the most devoted of Joyce's friends and commentators. Mr. Richard Ellmann has provided a useful chronology, and there is a frontispiece of Joyce and his family from a photograph taken in Paris in 1924 that will remain in the memory long after the book is closed.

HERBERT READ

A Deciduous Family?

They Hanged My Saintly Billy. By ROBERT GRAVES. *Cassell.* 21*s.*

Under this flamboyant title Mr. Graves resuscitates the case of William Palmer, the notorious Rugeley poisoner, who was executed in 1856 for the murder of his friend John Cook. The words, supposed to have been uttered by Palmer's mother, are taken to indicate that her son was not really guilty of the crime, for which he was wrongly convicted at the Old Bailey by a prejudiced jury with the assistance of a savage Lord Chief Justice and a cunning Attorney General. In Mr. Graves's opinion "he never killed nobody," and he quotes Palmer's remark after his trial, "I am a murdered man," in support of that view. We are, in fact, invited to deplore yet another gross miscarriage of British justice. This reviewer can only return a personal verdict. After hearing Mr. Graves re-try Dr. Palmer in style—and what a style!—he finds himself in full agreement with the Victorian jury and Chief Justice Campbell.

Once a doctor is reputed to be a poisoner all dubious deaths in his vicinity are recklessly attributed to him in popular estimation. Of the fourteen such ascribed to Dr. Palmer with some show of plausibility—needless to say Mr. Graves acquits him of all for lack of evidence—two were particularly noxious to him at his trial. He had insured his wife's life, got three other doctors to certify her death from "English cholera," and collected £13,000 from the Insurance Company. Four months later he insured his brother's life for £13,000, and before a year had passed put in another claim for death by "apoplexy," again on another doctor's death certificate. But by then the Insurance Company had become wise to Dr. Palmer's deciduous family and refused to pay. As for Cook, his life had not been insured but he had just made a packet at Shrewsbury races when he met his death; and Palmer, being in desperate financial straits, had forged Cook's name to a cheque and had arranged to collect his winnings, for which, if Cook had not perished so conveniently, he would have been certain to go to penal servitude. Whereas, if no questions had been asked about Cook's death, Palmer might have paid off his debts, sued the Insurance Company and lived to pass a few more death sentences, other than his own.

But Mr. Graves protests that Palmer did not have a fair trial, since the cause of Cook's death was never firmly established. Twenty-nine medical witnesses gave evidence, of whom seven opted for strychnine poisoning, eleven against, and eleven more refused to commit themselves. There had been an autopsy, at which antimony but no strychnine had been found: hence the doctors' dilemma and the embarrassment of the prosecution, who favoured the strychnine hypothesis. What if Palmer had not used strychnine? Yet he certainly had administered tartar emetic, the same form of antimony as killed Charles Bravo in another famous case twenty years later. Why does Mr. Graves then make such a pother? Does he hope to convince us that if doctors disagree nobody can be poisoned? British juries hate miraculous coincidence; and if Cook had died a

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MACDONALD

natural death at that juncture his demise would have savoured of the supernatural. When we can believe that Evans killed his wife and child with Christie living downstairs we will be ready to credit Palmer's innocence. And for all his fine writing Mr. Graves has been wasting his time and ours.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Strange Literature

Reason and Energy. By MICHAEL HAMBURGER. *Routledge.* 30*s.*

What a strange gallery of poets appears in these studies in German literature. Carlyle wrote of it long ago as "that strange literature"; if he could have waited for another hundred years he would have found it still stranger. It was the Romantic Movement, in Germany and England and other countries, that suddenly produced a crop of writers half in the world and half in a world of their own. In Germany Hoelderlin went mad, Kleist committed suicide, and Nietzsche, a romantic rebelling against his creed, thought himself into insanity. In England Coleridge and de Quincey took to opium, Byron defied the law, and Shelley ignored it. The scale of these disastrous aberrations is what distinguishes the German romantics from the English. The lives of the German romantics is a reflection of their poetry; it was their poetry that made them live as they did. They were absolutists.

Mr. Hamburger deals with Hoelderlin, Novalis, Kleist, Heine, Buechner, a few gifted poets who died in their twenties in the first World War, Georg Trakl, and the late Gottfried Benn; and Heine is the only poet in that remarkable list with ordinary human feelings. He is also the least remarkable, and I think Mr. Hamburger is right in finding his "particular brand of tragi-comedy an impure mixture whose ingredients, after a time, become insipid, because they neutralise one another": a fine observation. Heine indefatigably confided his weaknesses to his poetry, knowing that weaknesses confessed will always beguile the human reader. But Hoelderlin knew himself tragically and was his own victim, and Kleist lost his hopes after reading Kant and discovering—it was a misinterpretation—that there is no absolute truth. The idea would merely have inspired Heine to an exercise of ironical fancy, for his way of life was the immemorial human way. On the other hand, one feels that Hoelderlin and Kleist and Trakl lived at such a distance from the ordinary that they were not aware of the simple technique of living. Compared with them even Shelley becomes a sensible man.

This book began, Mr. Hamburger says, as a number of essays which he has since enlarged, and the idea expressed in the title came only in retrospect, as one out of several which might have served him. This is all to the good, for it enables him to see each of the writers he deals with in his individuality. He has something new and penetrating to say of them all, and makes one vividly conscious of their imaginative world, so unlike that of English poetry. No book I have read brings out more clearly that dissimilarity; Mr. Hamburger does not try to emphasise it; he is not even concerned with it; but after reading him we find it there. One is struck by the preoccupation of these German poets with vast stretches of imagined time, past and future. They are purgatorially concerned with their own time, but as part of time itself, and finally of the universe. Novalis is almost personally offended by the rationalist conception of the universe which sees it as "a mill *per se*, without builder or miller . . . a mill that grinds itself." And less than a hundred years later Nietzsche ecstatically celebrates the same mill by reviving the myth of the Eternal Recurrence. Hoelderlin's vision of life embraces vast ages peopled with gods and men, and his prophetic poetry is still too strange to be quite grasped. Mr. Hamburger makes us understand better that great and very strange poet. His later chapters reveal the dangers which these boundless visions bring with them, the worst of which is Nihilism. But they have produced great poetry.

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COLLINS

Return in Anger

Going Home. By DORIS LESSING. *Michael Joseph.* 21*s.*

Few imaginative writers have yet written about the countries of the Central African Federation. James Stern, in *The Heartless Land*, is a distinguished precursor, and Laurens van der Post's *Venture to the Interior* made an instant impression. Doris Lessing has made a name by her fiction. Born in Persia and resident in England, she had the unusual experience for a writer of growing up in Southern Rhodesia. Last year, after an absence of seven years, she went back for seven weeks, as a journalist. She has now produced an account of what she did, saw, heard, and thought. It is a kind of note-book of travel, comprising passages of reporting, fragments of reminiscence, snatches of overheard talk, press-cuttings, quotations from official documents, pieces of verse, and so on. This formless form is suitable for her purpose, and as the work of an alert and enterprising woman the book is of value for its direct and various impressions. As a piece of political criticism it may be called instructive.

Mrs. Lessing was denied entry into the Union of South Africa, and is now also a prohibited visitor to the Federation, no doubt because she is a Communist. But if prospective readers of her book allow themselves to be put off by that fact, they will be denying themselves an enlargement of their understanding of the atmosphere of the Federation. For the sake of precise and fresh observation they must be prepared to put up with the scorn and indignation of a doctrinaire, not utterly free from smugness, which are bound to grate upon some readers. Little or no allowance is made for well-meaning, gradual, moderate policies; and the word "partnership," in its present Central African connotation, makes Mrs. Lessing see redder than usual; for her it seems a synonym for hypocrisy, a "bad joke." Her Communism seems a shade unorthodox. She says she could hardly be called a politically active person and would probably not be a Communist if she had not lived for twenty-five years in Central Africa. She does not believe Communism to be as "genuinely democratic" as it claims to be, but thinks it will do better if it tries—or she used to think so: a note appended after the Soviet intervention in Hungary avers that "liberty, freedom, and truth have again become banners for men to fight under." Why "again"?

A want of imagination on the part of Whites in regard to Africans, with their inability to think in other than racial terms, is the main point of the indictment. Mrs. Lessing provides plenty of evidence of African bitterness, its causes, nature, prevalence, and tendencies. She writes of "the bitter, desperate, proud, angry voice of a people betrayed to the gods of money and expediency." (Are Communists never guided by questions of economics and seeming expediency? Are they never short-sighted?) Her conclusion is that "if the Federation does not advance very fast, and with real sincerity of motive, towards complete racial partnership, it must retreat rapidly towards what is happening in the Union of South Africa." Elsewhere she suggests that such a retreat would be something like an advance. But she has some odd information about the Union, as that "there are no standards in public life" and that "the white youth are by definition corrupt, drinking, drugging, interested in nothing but pleasure." By what definition?

A White South African in Rhodesia was so provoked by Mrs. Lessing's local reputation that he offered her a feather smeared with tar. Gadflies have their functions, but there are passages in the book which show the novelist in the ascendant over the gadfly, recording original and otherwise perishable details of family or social life or private conversation, whether White or African, with curiosity, insight, and the resources of a lively talent.

WILLIAM PLOMER

New Novels

Far, Far the Mountain Peak. By JOHN MASTERS. *Michael Joseph.* 15*s.*

The Gilded Fly. By HAMILTON MACALLISTER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Young Life. By LEO TOWNSEND. *Cape.* 15*s.*

I got the same sort of pleasure out of Mr. Masters's very exciting story that I used to get, as a boy, out of the romances—the Indian rather than the Foreign Legion ones—of Major P. C. Wren. It was Major Wren who told Mrs. Q. D. Leavis, in a document she quotes in her witty and delightful book, *Fiction and the Reading Public*, that he did not like long-haired intellectuals but preferred the short-haired executive type. Mr. Auden snaffled the phrase, serving it up in a poem as "the short-haired mad executives." One of the favourite daydreams, of course, of the long-haired intellectual is projecting himself as a short-haired mad executive: into an imagined life of ardours, tests of endurance, basic noble simplicities, manly sentimentalities. He knows he would foozle it in real life, but it is a fantasy region that he loves to explore.

I still have this weakness. I don't think Major Wren would still work for me, but Mr. Masters, probably a much more skilful writer, does. His themes are basically the same as Major Wren's: the very brave man who cracks up in an emergency and slowly redeems himself: his old enemy who generously helps him to redeem himself: the ambitious man who realises in the end that love and loyalty matter more than ambition: magnanimity defeating hatred: romantic friendship between men that proves stronger than conflicting faith and ideals, and so on. If such

themes reflect the morality of a romantic schoolboy, still, is that not a pleasanter morality on the whole than that of the cynically or even realistically disillusioned adult? And has it not more practical relevance to the life of danger and action? Heroic figures, in real life as in romantic fiction, do tend to be slightly over-simplified, slightly monomaniacal, a little stagy, and a little over life-size. Mr. Masters's heroes and heroines are like this: Peter Savage, whose ruthlessness conceals an inner brittleness, whose masterfulness a hidden dependence on the friends he drives: Gerry, his friend, whom he leads at last to death, an aristocrat of saintly gentleness and agonised, self-doubting courage: Emily, Peter's wife and formerly Gerry's betrothed, who loves them both and who thwarts Peter's ambitions, to save his soul; Peggy, whom a frustrated passion for Peter drives to drink and treachery, till the break-up of her own man, Harry Walsh, forces her to pull herself together. All this is melodrama, but good melodrama: and the background details, about climbing in the Alps and the Himalayas, about administration in the Punjab, about the earlier days of Indian nationalism, about cloak-and-dagger exploits and trench horrors in the First World War, even about smaller yet in detail more telling things like the manner of speech and the epistolary conventions of the Edwardian gentry, are convincing. All in all, Mr. Masters's book is what a good piece of romantic fiction should be; if it is not like life, always, one feels that life ought to be, more often, like it.

Mr. Macallister's book, on the other hand, is about life as it oughtn't to be but so largely is, life as failure of communication, as comic muddle. The symbol of the muddle is a Grammar School in the Midlands to which the hero, Pent, comes down from Oxford to his first job. The former headmaster has retired and Pent walks straight into a common-room squabble about who will temporarily take over from him. In the bickering, nobody remembers to be nice to the new coloured master from West Africa, and in a day or two he walks out. The hero lodges with a monumentally inefficient colleague called Stigg, married to a not unattractive Frenchwoman who over ten years has been bringing a simmering dislike of English provincial life slowly to the boil. There is a problem boy in Pent's class, who has an even more problem mother. Social life means meeting colleagues, whom one has had enough of in the daytime anyway, in a local pub. One of the nicer masters lives in a fantasy world of buying, and selling, and brooding over old cars. He makes up to the plain school secretary, whose looks begin to improve. Pent himself has an abortive affair with a girl graduate of working-class origins, hopelessly stranded between two classes. In the end she starts going out with a policeman and Pent wires: "Go to brine baths with policeman sorry Pent." The detail has often, as there, the peculiar funniness that comes from the apparently exact notation of unlikely facts. The total effect is not angry-young-man, but one of deadpan relish of the elements of sheer absurdity in the English character. It is a genial effect; Mr. Macallister's people lead an awful life, but they are not a bad lot. This novel, in fact, would make a very good Ealing comedy.

Mr. Townsend's novel is a study, with a didactic purpose, of juvenile delinquency. A girl of fourteen is assaulted by a group of youths, the leader, because of his age, gets away with it, threatens again the life which he has broken up, and finally murders the older woman, of a higher class, who has been protecting and helping the girl. The moral, I think, is a plea against leniency, a plea that some people are so naturally bad that all one can do is stamp down on them; I disliked the moral too much to like the story, which is nevertheless told in an effectively straightforward though not a very distinguished manner.

G. S. FRASER

Low-Falutin'

The Common Muse. Edited by V. DE SOLA PINTO and A. E. RODWAY. *Chatto & Windus.* 25*s*.

Musicologists of fifty years ago, in the heyday of the folk-song movement, drew a distinction between "folk song" and "art song." They could, or thought they could, distinguish between a melody evolved "communally" and one composed by an individual. Even though we have learnt that the distinction cannot be applied rigidly or with certainty, it is nevertheless useful and important. It is perhaps even more important when we come to consider "folk" and individual poetry. For whereas folk melody, which was neglected by serious composers in England during the nineteenth century, was the basis of the musical revival of the early twentieth, there was no corresponding revaluation of popular poetry. The folk-song collectors, like Kidson and Sharp, who were musicians, not literary men, were inclined to despise popular poetry: Baring-Gould thought at first that the words of folk-songs were mainly broadside doggerel of a debased character, and worthy of little attention except that of the bowdleriser and the improver. Sharp had a higher opinion, but even he was forced to admit that he regarded the words as markedly inferior to the melodies.

This attitude has been reflected in the work of literary critics and historians, who have adopted at best a patronising attitude to popular poetry, as represented in the broadside, the street ballad and the folk song. We would no longer call this body of poetry "folk poetry," but the earlier distinction remains valid—for whereas the accepted poets from Chaucer to the present day are read and admired, studied and criticised for their qualities as exponents of an *individual* vision of life, ballads and street songs must be appreciated, not for the degree of their approximation to this

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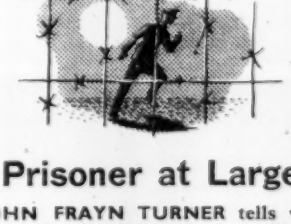

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other sort of poetry, but for their traditional, social or communal presentation of life.

To look for the grandiloquence of Milton, the psychological subtlety of Donne, the raptures of Shelley or the high-seriousness of Tennyson is obviously mistaken. Yet this is, in effect, what literary criticism has done; the result is that the great mass of popular poetry, with the exception of some of the Border Ballads printed by Percy and Scott, remains shut away in comparatively inaccessible collections of broadsides, MSS., and out-of-print books.

An immense work of collation and interpretation is waiting to be done, and it should be done on a national scale. In the meantime, we must be grateful to editors like Mr. Pinto and Mr. Rodway, who in the present collection reprint some 200 examples drawn from a great variety of sources available only to scholars. This is by far the best representative selection from the vast mass of popular poetry, and it is presented without "improvement" of any kind. These poems must be read in bulk to be appreciated: they do not yield anthology lyrics of the kind beloved by compilers and readers from the time of Palgrave and earlier. These editors applaud popular poetry for being what they aptly call "low-falutin'" in attitude. At their best, these songs and ballads are vigorous, direct, plain-spoken, and with a kind of good humour that sometimes rises to tenderness and charm, and sometimes degenerates into facetiousness.

The collection is less homogeneous than the editors' introduction sometimes implies. Some of the examples are "composed" in the sense that they have known authors; some are the work of paid hacks to town printers; others are traditional songs of rural origin possibly collected by ballad-sellers at country fairs and purveyed as street songs in the towns. In some the language is quite unsophisticated, in others it is highly literary. But at their best, most of these poems have one thing in common—and it is this which has forced them "underground," earned them the neglect of official literary circles, and which is now likely to earn them increasing attention and respect in the second half of this century. They are virile, full-blooded, anti-puritan, on the side of life rather than of respectability. They are the poetry of the average sensual man and woman. It is one of the misfortunes of puritanical suppression that the distinction between bawdry and what Herrick called "cleanly wantonness" has become blurred. It is perhaps significant that the chief single cause of antiquarian literary research was the attempts of eighteenth-century editors to discover the originals of the ballad-fragments in Shakespeare. He was on the side of the popular tradition, and many of his women, though they would have known and approved of the Common Muse, would have been unacceptable in middle-class Victorian society. One of the compensations of the present "warlike, tragical and various age" is that we are returning to a conception of manners which would allow Rosalind and Beatrice to express themselves as freely as they did when they were created.

This is only one of the many aspects of traditional verse which can be studied in full measure in this admirable collection. It will perhaps be some time before the official conception of "Eng.Lit." is broadened to admit not only *Lycidas* and *The Prelude* into the canon, but also such splendid anonymous pieces as *The Green-Gown* (an expression roughly equivalent to "tumbling in the hay"), of which the following is the fifth of seven stanzas:

Now the Youngesters had reach'd the green
Meadow,
Where they intended to gather their May,
Some in the Sun-shine, some in the Shadow,
Singled in Couples did fall to their Play;
But constant Penelope, Faith, Hope and Charity,
Look'd very modestly, yet they lay down;
And Prudence prevented what Rachel repented,
And Kate was contented to take a Green-gown.

JAMES REEVES

Shorter Reviews

The Oxford Book of French Verse. Revised by P. MANSELL JONES. *Oxford.* 25*s.*

Since it first appeared in 1907, St. John Lucas's anthology has been reprinted fifteen times. Now that the book is half a century old, it has been felt necessary to produce a revised edition, taking into account recent changes of opinion respecting the general body of French poetry and including examples of poetry written since 1907. Professor Mansell Jones has carried out this task with great discretion. To deal with the considerable innovations in the field of Pre-Renaissance verse, he has commissioned Dr. Frederick Whitehead to re-write the section of St. John Lucas's Introduction dealing with the earliest examples of French poetry, and to make a new selection. He has himself trimmed and corrected the other sections, removing a slighting reference to Malherbe, toning down the praise of Gautier, and so on. He has made some alterations in the general choice of poems, added to the Introduction a section on twentieth-century verse and included a selection of contemporary poetry. The most important change is that Baudelaire and the Symbolists win space at the expense of the Parnassians.

If the principle is accepted that the best solution in this case was to do a cobbling job on St. John Lucas's work, then this new edition is excellent, although—as always happens—one could quibble about the choice of contemporary poems. It is irritating to think that one will not be here in fifty years' time to see what the next Editor says.

J. G. W.

I Work in a Secondary Modern School. By R. M. T. KNEEBONE. *Routledge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Anyone—teacher or parent—who wants to know how much benevolence, ingenuity and devotion can go into the running of a secondary modern school should read this book. Mr. Kneebone is headmaster of a school in York—a school that plainly never stops thinking. He and his staff make it their business to know what is going on in the junior schools from which their children come; their teaching methods are sensibly not all old or all new; they have an admirable disrespect for textbooks; with out-of-school clubs and the liveliest of links with parents and local bodies, they make the school both a real community in itself and a conscious part of the larger community around it.

It is all very fresh and alert. Alas, for one who is Chairman of the Central Committee of English teachers, Mr. Kneebone writes drably: his tone throughout is that of the Speech Day report—which, two hundred pages long, makes tough reading; it may even, unfairly, make sceptical reading. One longs for a single illuminating anecdote, for one live voice—of teacher or child—to break the Assembly Hall hush. The layman, whose prejudice against the secondary modern school Mr. Kneebone is so anxious to overcome, may recoil from such a large dose of the language of the prospectus. It is a pity, too, that Mr. Kneebone is testy about other writers whose crime has been to argue in favour of the common school or to describe the task in less agreeable places than York. York itself is perhaps a rarer thing even than aims and efforts like Mr. Kneebone's.

E. B.

Wellington's Headquarters: A Study of the Administrative Problems in the Peninsula. By S. G. P. WARD. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

The Peninsular War was the only successful campaign which an entirely British army has fought in Europe since the fifteenth century. It might be thought that the subject had been done to death; but not the least of Mr. Ward's merits is that he shows us, as Sir Lewis Namier did of eighteenth-century politics, what an enormous amount remains to be said. The regimental *mystique* which has shaped so much of our military thinking has affected our military historians as well, who have, while devoting volumes to the battles of the Peninsula, said extraordinarily little about the administrative organisation of the army which won them and the methods by which a force the size of a fair-sized city could be fed and moved about for five years in the barren hinterland of Portugal and Spain. The requisition-system which had enabled the French to break loose from eighteenth-century restraints and overrun Europe did not work when they were brought to a standstill in this rocky desert. It was only the old-fashioned methods of depots and lines of supply, backed by commerce and sea-power, which enabled Wellington's army to keep the field at all, and to remain disciplined and coherent while Masséna's men were scattered and starving.

Thus in administration, as in tactics, in military affairs as in political, the British, instead of imitating the continental revolutionary tradition, retained the methods of the *ancien régime*, and with empirical common-sense adjustments made them work. Mr. Ward gives a remarkably lucid account of how Wellington and his staff dealt with their problems within

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the framework of the absurd yet somewhat workable system of British military administration. It is a scholarly work in the very best sense, which not only illuminates the detailed survey of the subject from a wide range of continental sources, but is written with a cultivation and a wit which lifts it far above the level of the specialist monograph. It is a joy to salute a military historian at once so learned and so humane.

M. H.

Fenelon's Letters to Men and Women. Selected by DEREK STANFORD. *Peter Owen.* 21*s.*

This short selection from the letters of Fénelon as spiritual director and not controversialist should act in his defence. He responds to the over-fastidious Duchesses and Comtesses with brisk practical advice. "God has no touchy sensitiveness as we have," he tells Mme de Montberon, a woman so afflicted with scruples that she complained when her husband kept her from a sermon. Yet the femininity that Sainte-Beuve attacked appears at its best in Fénelon's infinite patience with his friends (Mme de Montberon received at least 225 letters, sometimes two or three a day), his sympathy with their genuine problems and his probings, often uncomfortably perceptive, into the labyrinths of religious self-deception. As with so many devotional writers, his advice often seems directed at his own rather than at his correspondents' faults; and these letters could hardly fail to illuminate the character of such a master of psychology. In spite of his rather depressing attacks on the intellect (although the letters he had from women may have justified them) he emerges, particularly when writing to his men friends, such as the Duc de Chevreuse, as essentially sympathetic, gentle, detached and sad.

Unfortunately, this edition is an opportunity wasted. A reprint of a fifty-year-old translation by Mrs. H. L. Sidney Lear, with her footnotes, has been left unchanged (unlike her sex) by Mr. Stanford, except for severe abridging and the addition of an introduction of his own. Those interested in Fénelon's life and character will be disappointed by the absence of information about his correspondents and the circumstances under which they wrote. Others who want religious literature may complain of a poor guinea's worth when they find, in so short a selection, No. 11 of the *Letters to Men* largely the same, word for word, as No. 31, to the Duchesse Douairière de Mortemart (here spelt Montemart throughout). Fénelon deserves, if not a new translation, much more conscientious editing than Mr. Stanford has given him.

H. L.

The Tropics. By E. AUBERT DE LA RÜE, FRANCOIS BOURLIÈRE, and JEAN-PAUL HARROY. *Harrap.* 63*s.*

A full description of tropical flora is attempted by this, the third volume in a series of five devoted to "living Nature" in the tropics. A number of birds and mammals are included though these were dealt with at length in the preceding volumes; the series will be completed by works on tropical fishes and butterflies.

Encouraged by storytellers we habitually think of tropical vegetation as a tangled mass of virgin forest, green, sopping, and impenetrable. A glance at this richly illustrated and fascinating book puts matters right. Variety is the strongest impression: wide alpine meadows, arid Somaliland, savannahs, and leagues of thorny bush. The authors, striving for a satisfactory classification, have divided their study into four zones based on characteristic plant formations. This sounds very unexciting, but when we look at the plants in detail the reverse is true. Some have thorns bigger than pine cones, the Strangling Banyan is next to the carnivorous ferns, and overleaf is a Stinking Aristolochia which, imprisoning flies in its sticky hairs, releases them covered with pollen. M. De La Rüe points out that early explorers overestimated the productive value of much tropical land in the light of its botanical profusion. Year after year great stretches of forest are destroyed to establish cultivation which returns an insignificant yield. The plants suitable for commercial exploitation are dispersed among a multitude of others of small economic value. Nevertheless, the wonder remains.

C. L.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,421

Set by Lucullus

Washington hostesses have been under fire for their lavish hospitality; the physician to Congress says that his patients are being "beef-steaked to death." The usual prizes are offered for the verse complaint of a Surfeited Politician (any nationality). Limit, 12 lines; entries by June 4.

Result of No. 1,418

Set by Chub

The usual prizes are offered for the Incompleat Angler's Prayer (12 lines verse or 150 words prose).

Report

Few were the anglers who did not land a sizeable catch of clichés. The one that got away, the visit to the fishmonger's, the tall stories at the Angler's Rest—they were all reeled in again and again and unfortunately *not* thrown back. On the matter of lying, Stanley J. Sharpless's casuistry—

> If minnows be whales in my fishy tales
> *Thee* I magnify—

was redeemed by the integrity of Alberick (from a clerical address):

> If I take but one fish,
> Thy name (but not, I swear, the catch) I'll magnify.

Vera Telfer addressed her prayer to St. Peter ("Grant that I may be like the constant Cantharus and be found worthy to fish in the Waters of Paradise with Moses and Amos, with James and John . . .") while Raymond G. Foxley invoked the Severn—

> Sabrina, from thy ample bosom yield
> The prey for which my trusty rod I wield.

From Dublin came a Joycean supplication:

> Avert from me the hell of waiting long for rise: send speedy reelscream, linerunout reeled in with multisaltant browngold booty . . . (J. GARVIN)

—and Gloria Prince took a tip from the ghosties and ghoulies:

> From bait-lack and bite-lack and unbraggety catches
> And nothing but grass in our creels,
> May Cod deliver us!

Honourable mention to all those quoted, to S. T. Garrish, R. S. H., P. M., Rhoda Tuck Pook, E. J. Roberts, Ian Smith. First prize of three guineas to Geoffrey Riley; and a guinea each to Rhoda Elliott, to Adrienne Gascoigne, and to Barclay Fraser for his small but fresh catch from a pool of deep feeling.

THE INCOMPLEAT ANGLER'S PRAYER

Walton! Thou shouldst be living at this hour.
An angler needs thee: I am in a fen
Of stagnant waters. Opposite, two men
Stand hands in pockets, taciturn and sour,
Oblivious to the drizzling Highland shower.
And now one man starts calling, "D'ye no' ken
Fishing is no' permittit i' the glen?"
The other eyes me with a steady glower—

A sonnet of twelve lines is somewhat rare,
But to add more would be, alas! to cheat.
I cannot break the rules: this Angler's Prayer
Must, as its title states, be Incompleat . . .

GEOFFREY RILEY

(P.S.: I have a full sestet, if need arise,
For use if this should fail to win a prize).

O, Lord, above the skies, meantime you bait your holy hook,
I pray your kindly blessing as I fish beside the brook!
When you hook me, you hook a worm; your bait a Heavenly Wish.
Oh pray that I, my *bait* a worm, may catch a heavenly fish!

RHODA ELLIOTT

ORATIO PISCATORIS INFELICIS

Deus qui cete et omnia quae in abyssis moventur creavisti atque viam draconum in maribus manu tua omnipotenti dirigis da indigno famulo tuo esurienti non solum panem quotidianum sed etiam ad comedendum unicum pusillulum pisciculum. Amen.

(O God Who hast created the whales and all things which move in the deeps and Who with Thine almighty hand dost direct the path of monsters in the seas grant to Thy servant unworthy and a-hungered not only daily bread but also to eat therewith one single little fishling. Amen.)

ADRIENNE GASCOIGNE

Nae saumon-river, Lord, I pray!
But gie tae me a Hielan' burn
That loups and bickers doon the brae
Wi' secret pools at ilka turn.

And, Lord, this rod's ower braw for me;
A hazel switch will dae as well,
Nor need Ye fash aboot a flee,
I'll howk some worms, oh! Lord, mysel'.

But mak' me, Lord, aince mair a boy—
Yon barefit boy wha long ago
Wi' little airt, but muckle joy
Fished at the back o' Ben-y-gloe.

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City Lights

Order in Class

Sir Ernest Oppenheimer celebrated his 77th birthday in London this week by opening a new building for the Diamond Corporation and coming down firmly on the unseemly rumpus in Lord Baillieu's Central Mining. Central Mining's Ordinary and Preference shares have been strong for some time: the Preference, which carry special voting rights, have been bought quickly from the institutions at fancy prices, and the Ordinary have been going up on hopes of a 75s. bid. Where the bid was coming from, no one was quite certain. The current stories changed and contradicted one another, a bewildering number of different interests seemed to be involved. But it sorted itself out eventually, so far as market rumours ever do, into a fairly straightforward pattern. On the one side, the story went, there was a mixed syndicate of merchant banks and mining finance houses with an American firm in the background—interested protectively. On the other, it continued, stood Mr. Glazer (a South African financier and property dealer who has been in London's bid headlines before) backed up by Volkskas (an Afrikander bank).

The story seems to have had something in it. It was announced at Sir Ernest's little celebration that just such a syndicate had acquired 80 per cent. of Central Mining's Preference shares, enough probably—with a "substantial holding" of Ordinary—to carry effective control. The bid seems to be off, the share price has dropped. The syndicate intends to set up a new company (in South Africa) to hold its Central Mining shares, and cross-holdings may soon make the pattern inextricably complicated. The relative strength of the different members of the syndicate has not been disclosed. After the Americans, Sir Ernest's Anglo-American is likely to have been the guiding force. He has intervened before to keep order in class.

* * *

Bored for the moment with beggar-your-neighbour in Canadian oils, amateur punters have taken up a new plaything—Channel Tunnel. On several days recently this modest little share has been the most active in the whole list, jumping up and dropping down again with alarming suddenness. The company was formed in a burst of popular enthusiasm in 1872. Nine years later the South-eastern Railway began to bore a pilot tunnel at Dover and the corresponding French company did the same at Calais: both got a mile out to sea before their governments intervened. The English company still has a Board of Trade licence confirming its ownership of the workings and allowing it to continue with its tunnel "with the consent of parliament first had and obtained"—but through the intervening years, in spite of an occasional rumpus, this consent was withheld.

Things, however, have gradually been warming up. The then chairman of the company read a paper to a parliamentary committee in 1948, and two years later the Tunnel lobby was revived. In 1955, Mr. Macmillan admitted that he could no longer see any strategic objections to a tunnel: in April of this year Lord Mancroft and Mr. Watkinson hinted that the government might now be in favour of the idea. The shares, of course, began to show signs of life. They became really active when news got round that American interests might be willing to back the project and that the Suez Canal Company (which has sizeable funds outside Egypt) would sponsor an investigation into its feasibility. Now they are quite the popular thing: nobody seems to mind very much about the fact that it will take two years to find out whether the tunnel can be built at all, that it will then take at least ten years and £100m. to build, and that since both British and French governments will be concerned (the two nationalised railways, in any case, are big shareholders) it is quite uncertain what role the Channel Tunnel Company will be given to play. At present, its assets are worth a shilling or two a share: the shares have been almost up to 30s. Still, as the chairman pointed out, this is "the sort of news shareholders have been waiting for since 1882." It is nice to know that a few old ladies can now take a kinder view of their youthful indiscretions.

* * *

The Birmingham loan has flopped as badly as its predecessors. None of the last six local authority issues has managed to raise from the public more than a fraction of the money it was after. The underwriters have paid up the difference, but each failure makes the next attempt more difficult and more expensive. The Bank of England has already had to tell borough treasurers wanting to raise less than £3m. that they will have to get it from the mortgage market, where prices are considerably higher. The gilt-edged market is at its lowest for months. Bank rate will have to be cut soon.

* * *

Mr. Landegger, the genius of Black-Clawson International, has finally extricated himself from the mess he got into by losing his fight with Hadfields for control of Millspaugh. He has managed it very well. Two months ago he succeeded in selling the large packet of Hadfield shares with which he had landed himself: the terms seemed none too good, but some may not have been published. Now he is using this money to buy from Whitehead Iron and Steel a company called Baker, which is already working very largely on his account. Whitehead wants cash, about £1m. of it, and the Hadfield shares only brought in about two-thirds of this amount: Mr. Landegger has more than covered the rest by getting a merchant bank to issue £600,000 of debenture stock for him. It seems a pity that if Americans must take over British companies they should not have to pay for them in good dollars

TAURUS

Company Meeting

UNITED MOLASSES COMPANY

IMPROVED RESULTS

The thirty-first annual general meeting of The United Molasses Co., Ltd., will be held on June 11 in London.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement of the chairman, Mr. G. W. Scott, C.B.E., for 1956:—

The gross profits of the Group for 1956 at £7,101,533 showed an increase of £1,930,879 over the gross profits for the year 1955. This improvement is largely due to the increased level of tanker and general cargo freights prevailing during the year. The benefit derived from the incorporation of the results of E. N. Bray, Limited, and The Olympic Portland Cement Company, Limited, was also included for the first time.

Taxation again proved a heavy burden on the company's revenue and absorbed more than 60 per cent. of the gross profits of the company after charging depreciation. The recent Budget concessions are welcome but will not materially affect the burden of taxation likely to be borne by your company for the ensuing year.

Molasses prices in producing areas showed a steady and substantial increase during 1956, due largely to the demand for molasses for cattle feed purposes in the United States and the much reduced production of High Test molasses in Cuba.

The new year started off well, with freights remaining at a satisfactory level and profits on the molasses trading and manufacturing well maintained. However, during March the demand for prompt tanker tonnage eased considerably and, as a consequence, single voyage rates have shown a substantial drop.

In assessing the various factors it is not only difficult, but dangerous to attempt to forecast the trend of affairs for the remainder of the year, but, in view of the good start in trading your company has experienced during the first few months, it is felt that the profits for the ensuing year should be reasonable and sufficient to cover distributions at the rate for 1956.

The Chess Board

No. 393. Deflation Delayed

To see a brilliancy prize deflated is a rare occurrence; rarer still to see it fifty years *post festum;* and rarest of all, no doubt, to see the erstwhile winner deflate his own brilliancy and discover a new one for the benefit of his late opponent. Yet, that was exactly what Josef Krejcik did last year after a good look at this position which had gained him the brilliancy prize in the 1906 Vienna Championship:

(1) Kt x P ch, K-B2; (2) Q-K7 ch, K-Kt3; (3) P-B5 ch, K-R3; (4) B-B8, Q x B; (5) Q-R7 ch, K-Kt4; (6) Q-Kt6 ch, K-B5; (7) Q-Kt4 ch, resigns.

He might have won the brilliancy prize himself had he seen what his opponent discovered 50 years later.

. . . K-Q4; (8) Kt-K7 ch, K-K5; (9) Kt x Q, P-B6 ch; (10) K-B2, B-R5 ch; (11) K-Kt1, P-B7 ch; (12) K-R2, P = Q; (13) Kt-Q6 ch (better than Q-Kt7 ch), K-K4; (14) Kt-B7 ch, K-B4; (15) Kt-Q6 ch, K-Kt3; (16) Q-Kt7, Q-K7 ch; (17) K-Kt1, Q-K8 ch; (18) K-R2, B-Kt6 mate.

Old Krejcik must have enjoyed that belated discovery. His sense of humour was as indomitable as his very typically Viennese charm. His combinative power was as prolific as his zest for composing uncommonly witty studies. He was one of the grand old romanticists of the chess board. Alas, he died a few weeks ago. Here's a game he won in 1917 when the Budapest defence, just discovered, was all the rage.

(1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3. (2) P-QB4, P-K4; (3) P x P, Kt-Kt5; (4) P-KB4, B-B4; (5) Kt-KR3, Kt x RP; (6) R x Kt, Q-R5 ch; (7) K-Q2, P-Q4; (8) Q-Kt3, B x Kt; (9) Q x B, Q x P ch; (10) K-B2, Q x KB! (11) Q-B8 ch, K-K2; (12) Q x R, Q x KP ch; (13) B-Q2, Kt-B3! (14) Q x R, Kt-Kt5 ch; (15) K-Kt3, Q x BP ch; (16) K-R4, P-Kt4 ch; (17) K-R5, B-Kt3 mate.

Here's a "near-brilliancy" against S. Tartakower:

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-QB3, Kt-QB3; (3) Kt-KB3, P-KKt3; (4) P-Q4, P x P (5) Kt x P, B-Kt2; (6) B-K3, P-Q3; (7) B-QKt5, B-Q2; (8) O-O, KKt-K2; (9) P-B4, O-O; (10) B-B4, K-R1; (11) P-B5, P x P; (12) P x P, Kt x Kt; (13) B x Kt, Kt x P; (14) B x B ch, Kt x B; (15) B x P, Q-K2; (16) Kt-Q5! Q-K4 (Q-Kt4?); (17) Q-Q2, B-B4; (18) QR-Kt1, Q x KtP; (19) R-K7, P-B3; (20) Kt-K3! Q-B3; (21) Kt x B, Kt x Kt; (22) R x Kt! Q-Kt2; (23) Q x P, QR-Q1; (24) R-Q7, Q-R8 ch.

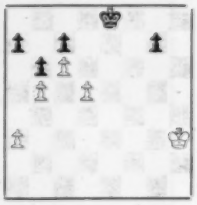
Now Krejcik, instead of winning by K-B2, merely drew by (25) R-B1!, Q x R ch!, etc. Here's another brilliancy:

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) P-Q4, P x P; (3) Q x P, Kt-QB3; (4) Q-K3, P-KKt3; (5) B-Q2, B-Kt2; (6) Kt-QB3, KKt-K2; (7) O-O-O, O-O; (8) P-B4, P-QR3; (9) Kt-B3, P-B4? (10) B-B4 ch, K-R1; (11) Kt-KKt5, Q-K1; (12) P x P, R x P; (13) P-KKt4, R-B1; (14) Q-R3, P-R3; (15) KR-Kt1! P-Kt4; (16) Kt x P, P x QKt; (17) B-B3! P-R4; (18) R-Q6!! P x R (19) P x P, P x P.

Here Krejcik announced a mate in 8. Incidentally, he could have saved 2 moves, and I can certainly save the **A** diagram of the 4-pointer for beginners.

B and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder-points) are both wins for White. The latter was one of the author's favourites. Usual prizes. Entries by June 3.

B: Josef Krejcik 1953



C: Josef Krejcik 1951

REPORT on No. 390. Set May 4

A: (1) Kt-B5 P x Kt; (2) B-B4, B-Q3; (3) B x B, R-Kt3 (4) Q x Kt, etc.

B: (1) K-B3? P-B4; (2) P-Q5 ch, K-K4? (K-B4!); (3) P x P, P x P; (4) P-Kt4, P x P; (5) P-Q6, K x P; K-Q4, etc.

C: (1) Kt-B8 ch, K-B1; (2) R-B1 ch, K-Kt1; (3) Kt-Q7 ch, K-R2; (4) R-R1 mate.

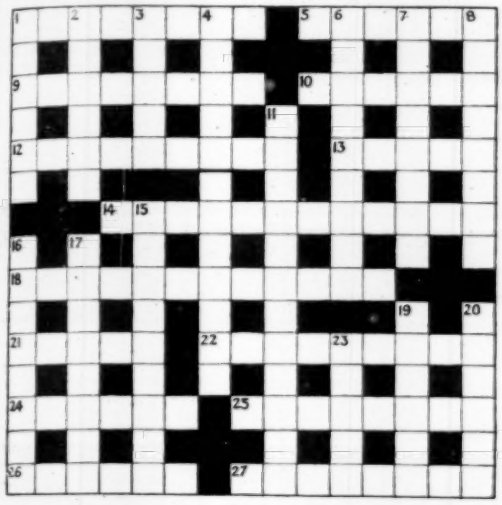
if (1) . . . K-K1; (2) Kt-K6, R-Kt1; (3) Kt-B7 ch, K-B2; (4) R-B1 ch. K-Kt2; (5) Kt-K6 ch, K-R3; (6) R-R1 mate.

Botvinnik's solution just refuted by *Shakmaty*. I'll revert to it. Meanwhile, 1st prize most deservedly shared by A. E. Harris, C. G. Hilton, G. Roblin, A. J. Roycroft for knowing more than Botvinnik; but since we mustn't be more kingly than our ex-King, the consolation prize is shared by some of those who saw the author's solution: W. H. L. Brooking, T. R. Harman, C. Sansom.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 252

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 252, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on June 4.



ACROSS

1. Bird on fire with love (8).
5. Food container which has, for example, a medal up (6).
9. Confronted by bad visibility the half-back kicked inaccurately (8).
10. Sportsman who has his point of view before the river (6).
12. This food gets spoilt when it is past eight (9).
13. See the back alley is for sale (5).
14. Vehicles for a few archaeologists? (12).
18. The cleanest side distributed the food (12).
21. Is it possible for a lake to become a different kind of waterway? (5).
22. Is the crowd about to make love to a famous writer? (9).
24. Bowled in a test of the people (6).
25. Game which is to do with love in the pits (8).
26. Pursued the pertinacious (6).
27. The murderer discovers two morons at home (8).

DOWN

1. Starve though am among food (6).
2. A games expert is climbing in a pouch (6).
3. "'Tis like the howling of —— wolves against the moon" (*A.Y.L.I.*) (5).
4. Place where the object is embraced by a powerful intellect (5, 7).
6. Girl who has information with another girl about life in France (9).
7. "—— do not cease to be —— because they are independent" (Disraeli) (8).
8. Pays real dividends to put out of action (8).
11. Not the places for ephemeral learning presumably (12).
15. Swing beginning with Callisto's metamorphosis (9).
16. Trained a river rising about a coin (8).
17. Tart and sovereign are going round the side (8).
19. Vehicles which show how to express an alternative in words (6).
20. Inventor who shows no sign of a swollen head if he climbs (6).
23. Maugham play with a Shavian heroine (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 250

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 250

D. Page (London, S.W.2), R. T. Griffiths (Mold), W. Sewell (Highland Park, New Jersey).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

B.B.C. requires Designer (Television) in Scotland. Duties include responsibility for design of sets and supply of captions, properties, etc., for all Scottish productions, studio and outside broadcasts; supervision and organisation of work of design and scene staff (including staff on temporary contract) so far as supply and setting are concerned; responsibility for ordering and accounting for use of raw materials. Essential qualifications: experience of design work in Television, Films or Theatre, high standard of creative ability, quick and accurate draughting, knowledge of scenery construction, ability to design for all types of programmes and to estimate in accordance with budget, accurate colour perception. Knowledge of Scotland an advantage. Based Glasgow but may involve visits to assist at outside broadcasts. Salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,365 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.188 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

B.B.C. requires Design Assistant (Television) in Scotland. Duties include working directly to Designer, preparation of working drawings from sketches and acquisition of properties. Essential qualifications: architectural and art training, quick and accurate draughting, creative ability, ability to do perspective and visual drawings, accurate colour perception. Knowledge of general light constructional methods an advantage. Based at Glasgow. Salary £790 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,025 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.189 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Applications are invited for the post of Senior Lecturer in Obstetrics and Gynaecology. Annual salary (superannuable) is £2,000 × £75 —£2,300 (man) or £1,500 × £60—£1,740 (woman) together with an expatriation allowance of £250 a year if applicable. The equivalent of income tax in the Colony is comparatively low. First-class sea passages are provided for expatriate staff and their families on first appointment and leaves. Applicants should have suitable qualifications and experience. The Senior Lecturer is permitted to engage in consultation work for which an "award" is given and will deputise for the Head of the Department when necessary. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Hong Kong and London, is June 30, 1957.

JEWISH Fresh Air Home and School, Delamere, Cheshire. 40 Delicate Children ages 6 to 12. (Recognised by Min. of Education) 14 miles Chester, 30 miles Manchester, 25 miles Liverpool. Deputy Headmistress required end of August; insight into problems of delicate children, whose difficulties in some cases are increased by educational retardation. Music or Nature Study or Gardening or Crafts an advantage. Small classes. Burnham Scale for Special Schools, plus board residence in return for out-of-school duties; excellent staff accommodation. Apply, stating age, qualifications and experience, with copies of testimonials, to Miss Langdon, Hon. Secretary, Atlow Mount, Bury Old Rd., Manchester, 8.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Applications are invited for the post of Senior Lecturer in Physiology. Annual salary (superannuable) is £2,000 × £75—£2,300 (man) or £1,500 × £60—£1,740 (woman) together with an expatriation allowance of £250 a year if applicable. The equivalent of income tax in the Colony is comparatively low. First-class sea passages are provided for expatriate staff and their families on first appointment and leaves. Applicants should have suitable qualifications and experience. The successful applicant will be required to do research work as well as teach. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Hong Kong and London, is June 30, 1957.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Philosophy. Candidates must have a special interest and qualifications for teaching Political Philosophy. The salary scales are at present under review, and are expected to be as follows: Lecturer, £900 to £1,650 per annum; Assistant Lecturer, £700 to £850 per annum. Initial salary and status according to qualifications and experience. Membership of the F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications must be sent not later than June 15, 1957, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained. Overseas candidates may apply by letter (no forms), giving qualifics. and experience and names of 3 persons to whom reference may be made.

BARRISTER or Solicitor (age about 30) required in the Legal Department at the London Headquarters of a large industrial corporation. The successful candidate will be engaged principally upon commercial matters but will also undertake some common law work. Initial salary between £850 and £1,350, according to qualifications and experience. Good prospects for an able and energetic man. Superannuation scheme. Write, giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, to Box 2749 before June 5, 1957.

REQUIRED, countrywide representative for high-quality handmade designs, preferably female, with no previous experience but enthusiasm for good craftsmanship & design. Must be willing to travel any distance, pref. with own car. Interesting & profitable job, depending on progress & permanent outlook. Reply giving age and previous history. Box 2795.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Post of Responsibility. Crown Woods School, Avery Hill, S.E.9. Headmaster: M. K. Ross, M.A. New Secondary school for 2,000 boys and girls expected to open January, 1958. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment as Deputy Headmistress to take up duty for preliminary planning probably in September. Burnham (London) scale salary with substantial allowance likely to be assessed at £500 a year). School will offer wide variety of studies, some leading to G.C.E. (all levels). Ample practical provision for studies in building, commerce and horticulture. Applicants should have good academic qualifications, organising ability, varied teaching experience; and be interested in whole field of secondary education. Forms EO/TS10(SR) from and returnable to Divisional Officer, 2, Greenwich High Road, S.E.10 (s.a.e. f'scap). (965).

LONDON County Council. Mayfield School, 92 West Hill, S.W.15. (1,800 girls.) Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment to Council's service from September, and assignment to this school as Chemistry Teacher; there is a large science department with excellent accommodation, and adequate assistance from laboratory technicians. Applicants for part-time engagement considered. Application forms EO/TS40 obtainable from (s.a.e. f'scap) Education Officer, (EO/TS 2) County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1 and returnable to Headmistress at school. (936.)

THE Royal Scottish Academy of Music, College of Dramatic Art. Applications are invited for the full-time post of Teacher of Voice Production and Acting, commencing September 1. The initial appointment will be for one year. Salary, for men, £600 × £35—£1,050 with placing in respect of experience, for women "equal pay" per Scottish Education Department regulations. Candidates are expected to hold a Speech qualification and have a sound knowledge of Phonetics. Applications (3 copies) with names of three referees should state age and experience and be sent not later than June 15 to The Secretary, Royal Scottish Academy of Music, St. George's Place, Glasgow, C.2.

A WOMAN, aged 25-45, qualified to teach shorthand and typing, and preferably with some business experience, is needed to take charge of an experimental Training Section in the new headquarters of Mullard Ltd. An understanding of young people, an ability to stimulate interest and a high standard of general education are important qualifications. Letters of application should be sent to the Women's Personnel Officer, Mullard House, Torrington Place, W.C.1. Ref.: 33.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Sheffield. Department of Extramural Studies (amended advertisement). Applications are invited for the post of Staff Tutor in Industrial Relations/Economics to take day-release and normal evening classes, and to begin duties as early as possible in the session 1957/58. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience on new salary scales that are being introduced and are expected to be £700 × £50—£850, for a probationary post, and £900 × £50—£1,350 × £75—£1,650 for a full Staff Tutor, with F.S.S.U. provision and family allowance. Further particulars should be obtained from the Registrar to whom applics. (12 copies) should be sent by June 8, 1957.

SOLICITORS are invited to apply for an appointment in the Legal Department in London of a large industrial corporation. Applicants must have experience of conveyancing and be ready, if required, to undertake other legal work. Initial salary between £848 and £1,100, according to qualifications and experience. Good prospects for an able and energetic man. Superannuation scheme. Write, giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, to Box 2750 before June 5, 1957.

KINDERGARTEN Assistant wanted to help with sm. group children 3-6 yrs. in charge of Froebel-trained teacher. Box 2789.

EAST Suffolk County Council. Borough of Lowestoft Committee for Education. Applications are invited for the appointment of a full-time Club Leader to the Colville House Youth Club from September 1, 1957. The Club is well established, has attractive premises with own grounds for a mixed membership of 70-80. Living accommodation for Leader (suitable for one or two persons). Approved Youth Leadership or Teacher Training essential. Experience in Club Leadership desirable. Salary according to Burnham Scale for teachers. Forms of application with full particulars can be obtained from the Borough Education Officer, 49 High Street, Lowestoft, on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope, to be returned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement. J. H. Slatcher, Borough Education Officer, Education Office, 49 High Street, Lowestoft.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Education Committee. Part-time Psychotherapist reqd. at Willesden Child Guidance Centre, 22 Brondesbury Villas, Kilburn, N.W.6, for five sessions p.wk. Honours degree in Psychology with recognised training, and/or equivalent experience in Child Psychotherapy. Payment: £2 10s. p. 3-hr. session. Prescribed conditions. Application forms from Chief Education Officer, 10 Great George Street, Westminster, S.W.1, returnable by June 19. (Quote V.205, NSN.).

ESSEX. Applications are invited for the post of Educational Psychologist for full-time two-team clinic at Chelmsford. The work will also include remedial and advisory work in schools. Candidates should have an Honours Degree in Psychology or its equivalent and have had clinical training at a recognised training school in child guidance work. Soulbury II salary scale. Further particulars and application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

UNITED Nations Association. Youth Officer to work with students & youth organisations. Speaking experience. Salary £500 × £25 to £600. Send fscp. s.a.e. for form & conditions from 25 Charles St., W.1.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT cont. on p. 685

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SECRETARY/SHORTHAND-TYPIST'S post in small PERSONNEL DEPARTMENT of International Company in Central London is available to educated girl with ability and commonsense. 5-day week. Salary up to £9 15s plus luncheon vouchers. Holiday arrangements respected. Write, stating age and experience, to Box 2852.

COUNTY Borough of West Hartlepool. Children's Department. Holmewood Reception Centre, 301 Stockton Road, West Hartlepool. Appointment of Resident Senior Housemother. Applications are invited from persons with child care certificate or experience in care of children for the appointment of Resident Senior Housemother at the above Children's Home. The person appointed will be required to take charge in the absence of the Superintendent and Matron. The salary scale will be £379 5s 0d rising to £440 15s 0d per annum, less a deduction of £115 16s 6d per annum for emoluments plus a special responsibility allowance of £25 per annum plus £15 per annum if in possession of child care certificate. The post is superannuable, subject to a satisfactory medical examination and terminable by one month's notice in writing on either side. Applications, stating age, present position, and details of previous experience, together with names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to reach the Children's Officer, Durham House, Victoria Road, West Hartlepool, not later than Friday, May 31, 1957. Eric J. Waggott, Town Clerk, Municipal Buildings, West Hartlepool.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Appointment of Child Care Officer (amended advertisement). Applications are invited from suitably qualified men and women for the full-time post of Child Care Officer on the Staff of the Children's Officer. Salary: APT. 2, £609 17s. 6d. to £691 17s. 6d. per annum. The post offers valuable experience in all aspects of work for children deprived of a normal home life, including boarding-out in the City of Leicester and the surrounding County, adoptions, preventive work and some Court work. The appointment will be subject to the Local Government Superannuation Acts, and to a satisfactory medical examination. Application forms may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester. Closing date June 7, 1957. All applications already received will be considered.

ASSISTANT Club Leader (woman) wanted in September for resident post in East End of London. Non-resident, part-time might be considered. Apply with references and stating qualifications to the Secretary, Society of the Frances Mary Buss House, c/o N.L.C.S., Canons, Edgware, Middx.

SOCIAL Worker, trained, full-time, required by voluntary organisation concerned with welfare conditions amongst elderly people in Edinburgh; preferably over 30 years of age. Salary £400. Apply before May 31 stating qualifications, to Box 375, Robertson & Scott, 42 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh.

SECRETARY / Leader required for Y.W.C.A., Walsall. Resident preferred; modern premises, attractive quarters, progressive post. Applications with copies of testimonials to the Chairman, Y.W.C.A., Whittimere Street, Walsall.

HOUSEMOTHER, with previous experience or training, required to take charge of a Home at Walton-on-Naze for 12 boys and girls. Salary £404 × £15—£465, less £115 for emoluments plus £15 for certificate. One resident assistant employed and daily helpers. Write Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

TIME & Talents Association (Bermondsey) require a Children's Club Leader (full-time post with scope for development) and a Secretary (full-time) to undertake administration and some social work. Both posts include accommodation if desired. Application forms and particulars from 187, Bermondsey Street, London, S.E.1.

MAGDALEN College Club, Somers Town. Part-time Girls' Leader required 4 evenings a week. Salary £200-£225 p.a., according to experience. Apply Hon. Sec., 83 Wertington St., London, N.W.1.

JEWISH Relief Organisation requires immediately senior qualified Case Worker with administrative experience. Fluent French essential. Good Salary. Box 2801.

WARDEN or experienced Social Worker required in September for Caxton House Settlement. Accommodation provided. Apply, giving references and particulars of experience, to Chairman, Caxton House Settlement, London, N.4.

CHINESE Book and Art Shop requires assistant. Must possess calm and pleasant personality, intelligence, good taste and keen interest in China. Successful applicant will no doubt consider himself overworked, but will have the most interesting job in London. Colle:'s Chinese Bookshop, 40 Great Russell Street, W.C.1. LAN. 7538.

HOLIDAY relief work for shorthand and copy typists, few days a week or longer. Details, Cranbourn Agency, 42, Cranbourn St., Leicester Sq. GER. 3249.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THERE will be many opportunities in Scottish Television for script writers in all categories—fiction, comedy, documentary, advertising, etc., either full-time or free-lance. Apply in writing only giving details of experience and specimens of work, addressed Script Writer, Managing Director, Scottish Television, Ltd., Theatre Royal, Glasgow.

SOCIALIST International. Applications invited for post of Administrative Secretary to Socialist International. Good knowledge of English, French and German essential. Salary £1,250–£1,500. The post is pensionable. Application forms from the Chairman of the Socialist International, Morgan Phillips, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1.

COMMERCIAL T.V. Advertisement Writer wanted by leading London Advertising Agency. He or she should have had previous writing experience which can be adapted to the creation of T.V. and radio commercials, etc. Some knowledge of entertainment and publicity work will also be an advantage. Good salary and prospects in a rapidly growing department. Write Box 2751.

EDUCATED woman wishing pursue hobby, craft, writing, offered bed-sit., meals, small salary in return for 20 hrs. wkly. assistance to owners hotel elderly residents, East Anglia. Home nursing exp. essential. Box 2837.

SUB-EDITORS. Men and women with degrees in Science or Mathematics are required for preparing MSS for press. Starting salary about £650. Apply to the Printer, University Press, Cambridge.

MEDICAL Secretaries Agency has vacancies. Shorthand usually essential. No fees. 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUNter 9951.

SHORTHAND-Typist required for Child Guidance Clinic. Salary according to age on Grade A2 scale rising by annual increments to maximum of £515 p.a. plus £30 London Weighting. Applications stating age, experience and the names of two referees, to the Hospital Secretary, London Jewish Hospital, Stepney Green, E.1.

SHORTHAND-Typist (Pool) required for Westminster District. Aged 21 years or over. Varied and interesting work in pleasant, friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary £9 14s. rising to £10 4s. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superann. provision. Write giving age and particulars of exp. to Box 2770.

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EFFICIENT secretary shorthand-typist required for Administration Department weekly newspaper. Box 2842.

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SCOTTISH Socialist 17 years active L.P., T.U., Co-op., N.C.L.C. experience. Capable speaker, lecturer, organiser, sks. perm. appoint. pref. T.U. organiser. Box 2626.

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ADULT P.P.E. student (m, 28), Oxford, with admin. exp., seeks employment London area, July 8-October 4. Box 2712.

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UNIVERSITY of London. Applications are invited for the Stopford Brooke English Literature Scholarship, which is of the value of approximately £140, for one year. Candidates must be graduates of a University and must be prepared to undertake research in any branch of English Literature, including Medieval, in one of the Colleges or Schools of the University of London. Applications, on a prescribed form, must reach the Secretary to the Scholarships Committee, University of London, Senate House, London, W.C.1 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than June 8, 1957.

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PERSONAL

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SOCIOLOGY student (Union Secretary—Redbrick), housebroken, articulate, no ties, seeks occupation July/Sept., not necessarily sinecure. Box 2830.

WANTED, 2 young people to complete party driving to Italy June 27 return London July 14. Share mod. exes. Box 2771.

RIVIERA: 2 car seats & rail couchettes available; leaving London July 9. Dover/Boulogne Lyons proceeding Viareggio returning Lyons Aug. 1. Share costs. Box 2642.

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GERMAN conversation with someone who knows present-day Germany or Austria required by educated London man. Exchange basis or moderate fee. Box 2513.

YOUNG men seek fourth for cheap Yugo-slavian motor trip leaving August 30, three weeks. Box 2697.

GERMAN girl (26) wishes to help family during July-September. Box 2667.

YOUNG lady (German) studied Art & Languages, interested Journalism; any suggestions? Box 2650.

WINDSOR-Slough-Staines. Young couple want furnished flat or house. Box 2761.

GRAD (f. 26) sks. f. companion hitch hike or otherwise Continent, end July to beg. Sept. Box 2661.

PARIS American family, one four-year-old boy, spending August in London and environs, seeks English girl as mother's help, baby-sitter, guide, etc., for the month. Please write all particulars including financial requirements to Box 2701.

DORDOGNE and Pyrenees: 15-day camp tour July 27. Box 2833.

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GRANADA T.V. Network's new programme "Criss Cross Quiz" offers sizeable money prizes to people who can answer questions on a really wide range of subjects. If you are interested please write to "Criss Cross Quiz," Granada T.V., 36 Golden Square, W.1, or Granada T.V., Manchester 3.

FRIENDS of Morley College Orchestra. A Society with the following advantages. Free admittance to weekly symphony rehearsals. Free ticket to concerts. Scope for part-time activities. Details from 51.B High St., Highgate Village, N.6.

ART of Writing: June 14-17 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also "Riverside Inns," June 21, "Life Drawing."

WILLOW Pattern Party in honour of visiting Chinese youth delegation, Saturday, June 1, 8 p.m. Carlton Rooms, Maida Vale. Dancing, Cabaret, refrs. avail. Tickets 6s. from Britain-China Friendship Ass., Dept. A., 228 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

ODAM Hill, Romansleigh, S. Molton. Children's summer holiday camp wants matron's & domestic assistants, group leaders, m. & f., & one sergeant-major (ret.) or similar genial disciplinarian.

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SUMMER Camp at Sorrento, July 30-August 22, 1957. Inclusive price 30 gns.-33 gns., depending on numbers. Open to boys and girls aged 11-18. For further details apply The Secretary, Burgess Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, London, N.W.3 or telephone HAMpstead 2019 in school hours. Closing date July 1.

SUMMER Holidays: Au Pair girls (German) available for July-August. Siglers Domestic Agency, 7 Cecil Rd., London, N.14.

ENGLISH couple offer bed & breakfast in modern panoramic flat overlooking Palma Bay. Write: Sieve, Calle Teniente Mulet 93, El Terreno, Palma de Mallorca.

IF you would still like to speak Italian effortlessly in three months, 'phone Setogni, WEL. 7411 & 7412.

VITAL Community meets to explore and promote progressive ideas in a pleasant and friendly atmosphere. Write Sec. (D), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

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SWISS HOLIDAYS

Join one of our Spring Flower Parties to Rossiniere and Champex (June 9, 23), a sunny Lakeside Holiday to Ascona, Lago Maggiore (June 30, Sept. 15, October 6) or our informal House Party at "La Colline" near Vevey on the shores of Lake Geneva (departures: July 21, August 4, 18 and on September 1 when the Montreux Music Festival will be in progress). Inclusive costs from £32 15s. (£43 10s. by air).

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Write for details of these and other holidays to

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GERMANY: 14 days by air Berlin, Rhine, Black Forest, August 10-24; 4 days Berlin during Archit. Exhib., 2 days Wiesbaden, 8 days Black Forest. Accompanied by former Berlin Architect. £58 10s. incl. Write A. Armstrong, 13 Acol Road, N.W.6, or I.F.A. (Air Service), Ltd., 13 Rathbone Street, W.1.

TRY an "En Famille" Holiday in Austria, France Germany, etc. Why not join one of the special groups visiting our Austrian Host-Family-Centre: or let us make individual arrangements for you to enjoy the interesting, friendly atmosphere of a private family? Meet and get to know the people of the country you visit. Illus. Brochure: E.F.A., 20 Buckingham Street, London, W.C.2.

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VAN GOGH. Dear Theo, propose August painting trip to Arles with Paul Benedict, sincerely Vincent. Free leaflet. Bon Viveur, 1st Floor, 13 Panton Street, Haymarket, S.W.1. (TRA. 2592.)

CLOSING May 31—applications for the World Youth Festival, Moscow, August. Few places left for strictly under 30s for this £47 trip to meet youth of the world. Details: British Youth Festival Committee, 351 Goswell Road, London, E.C.1.

YUGOSLAVIA. Personally conducted party July 28/August 11, covering Slovenia, Dalmatian Coast, Dubrovnik, fully inclusive 42 guineas. Esmitours, 50 Northey Avenue, Cheam, Surrey.

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HOLIDAY in London: Notting Hill, s.c. furnished flat to let, June 29-August 3, 2 large rooms, k. & b., garden. Suit 2 adults, 2 children. 10-12 gns. p.w. incl. Box 2781.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

SINGLE professional man wanted to share Bayswater flat with barrister and journalist. Terms 3 gns. per week. Every modern convenience. Box 2720.

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ONE newly dec. well-furn. single bed-sit. rm. c.h., all conv., dkg. facs. Wellconnected. 'Phone MAI. 8796 after 6.30 p.m.

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FURN., 2 recep., 1 dble., 2 small sgle. bedrms., kitchen, bath, 3 mths. or longer, 8½ gns. Marble Arch. AMB. 1916.

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ACCOM. offered in home of prof. couple to interesting gentleman. ACO. 3836.

SWISS Cottage. Independent bed-sit. for lady. Fitted carpet; use kitchen, frig., bath. £2 15s. Cheaper if own linen, willing clean own room. Box 2825.

KEN. Mod. block. Furn. rm. to let. C.h., c+h.w. basin. Use kit. WEStern 2267.

ROOM to let, sharing house with 7 other people. Ring: WILlesden 3702.

CHELSEA. Dlb, b/s.-rm. Suit 2 women. Till mid-July. Use k. & bthrm. 5gns. References Box 2731.

LARGE sgle. room, c. htg., h. & c., cooker, architect's house, Hampstead Hth., 3gns. Suit woman. HAM. 2138.

SUPERIOR room, S.W.7. Suit business gentleman. Brkfast. 5gns. Box 2623.

ATTRACT. furn. sgle. div.-sit. rm. Hendon; basin, el. ckr., meter, £2 10s. wkly. 1 min. bus/shops. SUN. 1184.

READING. Attr. furn. B/S-rm. in prof. hsehld., use kit. etc. £2 10s. wkly. to incl. heat., light, linen. Gent. only. Box 2599.

ALDEBURGH 4 mls. Acc. vac. Modnsd. Cot. Suit wom. writer or sim. Box 2521.

CARAVAN, 4-berth, fully eqppd. Priv. site 4 miles Seaford. Lovely downland walks. Vac. till July 6, and Sept. Box 2815.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

FURNISHED flat required, single, pref. Hampstead area. Box 2570.

ECONOMIC rent (inc.) offered by elderly couple seeking unfurnished cott./s.c. flat London/Home Counties R.S.V.P. "M," 33 Lennard Road, Dunton Green, Kent.

AS vac. poss reqs. sale hse., 2 bus. girls after 5 mths., res. must find furn. flat mid-July, 1 hr. Oxford Circus. Box 2809.

YNG. woman, guaranteed not revolutionary or intellectual, reqs. semi-furnished rm., kit., use bth. Wd. babysit. Box 2817.

CANADIAN Business executive and family require 2/3-bedroomed furnished flat for 1 year. L.A.B., GER. 9050.

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FURNISHED peaceful caravan & cottage, South Devon, close safe beach. Box 2758.

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MODERN Bungalow overlooking Bantry Bay. Garage for two cars. Particulars, Rendell, Castletownbere, Co. Cork.

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